

PANAMA AND THE SIERRAS



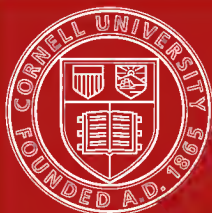
A
DOCTOR'S
WANDER DAYS

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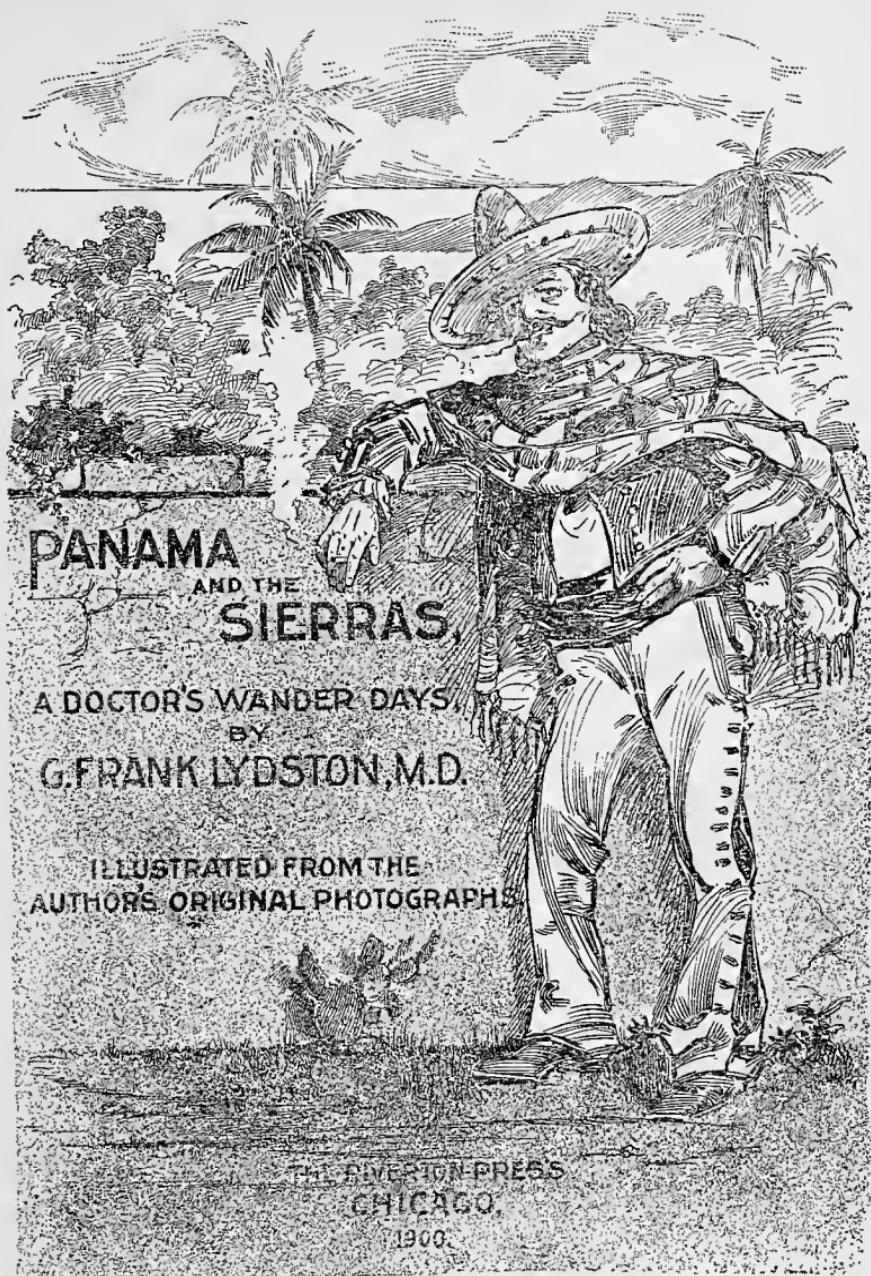
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WHERE THE PLASMODIUM LURKS—A MEMORY OF PANAMA.



PANAMA
AND THE
SIERRAS.

A DOCTOR'S WANDER DAYS,
BY
G. FRANK LYDSTON, M.D.

ILLUSTRATED FROM THE
AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

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CHICAGO,
1900.

KC

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TO
"THE STAY AT HOMES,"

BE THEY SUCH FROM CHOICE OR FROM NECESSITY; WITH
THE TENDEREST SYMPATHY OF ONE WHO HAS
LEFT THEIR RANKS—NEVER TO RETURN;
WHO HAS DRUNK OF THE AMBROSIA
OF CHANGE AND EATEN
OF THE LOTUS
OF REST,

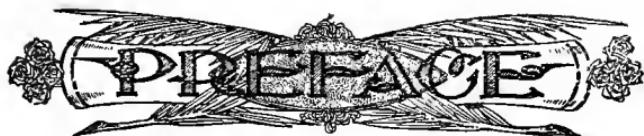
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Illustrations.

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The word "PREFACE" is written in a large, bold, serif font. It is enclosed within a decorative border that features symmetrical floral motifs at the ends and a central scroll-like element. The entire title is set against a background of fine, radiating lines.

One of the most delightful memories of my boyhood days is of a trip from California, the land of my nativity, to New York City, via the Isthmus of Panama. When, in pursuit of a much needed rest, I determined to take the vacation that was long past due, the opportunity of revisiting the scenes that had made such a profound impression upon my boyish mind in those halcyon days when the sky was full of rainbows, was too tempting, and so, a little over a year ago, I started for Panama. Needless to say, the rosy illusions of childhood were dispelled by the coldly critical eye and less susceptible sensorium of the man. But, discount those childish memories as I might, there was so much of interest upon the trip that I felt impelled to write about it on my return. Alas! there was so much to be said that I knew not where to begin. Then, too, my impressions were ap-

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parently insusceptible of crystallization, perhaps because my brain was tired when they were received. Whatever the explanation, no writing was done.

A year rolled by, and the vacation microbe again became active in my system. "Where shall I go now?" I asked myself. And my conscience queried, "Why not go across the Isthmus of Panama to California again, and write that book you were contemplating?" Now, I didn't care to repeat that particular trip. After twice escaping the dangers of Panama it did not seem wise to tempt Providence further. But, being ashamed of my inability to formulate the impressions of the preceding year, I finally resolved to do the thing all over again. And so, this book is merely a matter of conscience, its motive being, therefore, above reproach.

This is not a book of travel in the ordinary sense. The reader will seek in vain for those data and statistics which most travelers consider necessary to completeness of the chronicles of their itineraries. The volume contains merely the impressions of a dilettante observer, gathered in the pursuit of the rainbow fancies that memory brings from the days of one's childhood.

What I have to say about California, involving, as it does, a comparison of the old and the new

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in the most romantic portion of the state, may have some features of novelty to many. The characters that are introduced here and there are real. Those who have passed "The Great Divide" were my boyhood's friends, those who are yet living I know well, but it would require a pen far abler than mine to do them justice.

Would that I knew them as well as did my father, who is dead and gone. There were none among the Argonauts of '49 who were sturdier than he, none whose lives were more replete with the arduous toil of the pioneer and the dangers and hardships of the early days of "The Golden West." As for my mother, the history of her experience *en voyage* to California, and for some years after her arrival in that then far-off land, is a veritable romance.

My mother's family emigrated from Kentucky in '51, and made the long and dangerous journey to California across the plains. She was but a child, and the events of that trip were so stirring that it is not surprising that her memory of them is vivid. Harassed by hostile Indians and subjected to innumerable privations, the marvel was that the family ever succeeded in reaching its destination.

And the entry into California was by no means a triumphal one. About four days' journey from

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the California line, the escort of eight men which my grandfather had employed deserted in a body, taking with them the bulk of the provisions and supplies. A few dried apples constituted the pabulum of the family for the remainder of the trip. Had the leader of the escort, my mother's cousin, survived, the desertion would not have occurred. He, poor boy, was drowned in the Platte River on the way.

The supply of horses gave out long before California was reached. Several valuable animals were bitten by rattlesnakes, others were stampeded and stolen by the Indians. Most of them, however, were killed by drinking alkali water on the desert.

My mother was fond of horseback riding, and resolved to still enjoy her favorite amusement. A side saddle was accordingly put upon the family cow; she mounted, and, regardless of conventionalities, rode her fiery steed during the remainder of the journey. Her novel entry into California was a nine days' wonder throughout the mining camps. Sooth to say, modern society, and, most of all, our modern young ladies, would consider such an ordeal not only formidable, but bad form. But there were giants in those days of the Argonauts, and sensible, unpretentious folk they were.

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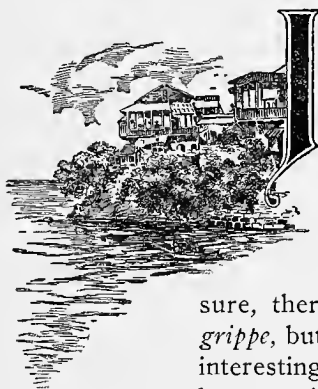
I will not apologize for the cursory and colloquial character of the notes and sketches contained in this volume. I have merely endeavored to take the reader with me on my outing. He must see things with my eyes, and I fancy he will enjoy the trip none the less for the absence of any flavor of cut-and-dried analysis in its description. It is the true dilettante, after all, who sees all things beautiful as they should be seen—who sees them true. The beautiful, the esthetic, and, for the matter of that, even the novel and grotesque, are none the more entertaining for being placed under the eye and pen of the hard-hearted analyst. Yes, 'tis the dilettante who gathers the flowers in Life's Garden—

Sipping the wine of life as honey sips the bee,
He floats on rosy clouds above the callous throng,
Delving for gold at the root of the fairy tree
And hearing not mid the leaves and blooms the song
Of that wondrous bird—the Soul's Delight.

O, thou art of living well and ever living,
'Tis truly all of life and happiness to soar
Above that hard, cold ambition, ever giving
The dross and gnawing discontent of earth—no more—
Burrowing mole-like in endless night.

—THE AUTHOR.

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I WAS very tired, there's no doubt about that—tired of practice, tired of teaching, and, worse than all, tired of myself. As to the cause, that's another question—which, by the way, is still open. To be sure, there was that attack of *la grippe*, but I suspect I caught that interesting microbial omnibus just because it was fashionable, and because I was envious of several of my doctor friends who were convalescing from it. I presume that I could have borne up under the load of envy had I not seen them drinking milk punches, P. R. N.; which means literally,

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with us doctors, whenever the patient requires it. My friends' symptoms being many and their demands large, *la grippe* seemed to me an altogether blissful disease—so I caught it. But I reckoned without my stomach, which betrayed my confidence, and received all too unkindly the bland gustatorial overtures of the milk punches. Thus foiled in my efforts to be kind to myself, I went to the other extreme and decided to consult a colleague.

The first gentleman whom I approached on the subject of my health, told me that, in his opinion, I had been working overtime—"between meals." This made me mad, for I had had a whole week's vacation, only twenty-two years before, so I consulted another and wiser doctor. In fact, after having made the start, the consultation habit became firmly fixed upon me and I consulted a large number of other and wiser men, each wiser than his predecessor—a matter of auto-estimation on the part of each. Consultations became a source of infinite pleasure. I acquired a mania for them. The man who had no new ideas regarding my "Weary Willie" feelings lost caste with me. I built up a little coterie of wiseacres who seemed a part of me, and whom I exalted far above ordinary doctors—men who had no malaise and no

My Haughty Consultants

novel opinions thereon. Had all my consultants been housed in the Columbus building I should have organized a private consultation club, but, unfortunately, several of them were denizens of other and less pretentious buildings. I knew that the "Columbians" were too exclusive to affiliate with plebeian consultants. Seriously, I never dared let those haughty fellows know that I had consulted any of their humbler brethren. Not being a diplomat, nor desirous of being professionally ostracised, I felt that I must keep in touch with the "Columbusters."

Why are the "Columbines"* so haughty? Well, that's debatable ground. My own opinion is, that it is because they are so literary. Some time ago the landlord found that his tenants were playing "mumblety peg," whilst beguiling the tedious hours between patients. Objecting to the resultant chipping of the mosaic floors, yet realizing that his tenants must not be allowed to die of ennui, the kind-hearted man founded a free library for them. In that library may be found everything

*It is only fair to state that the official name adopted by my friends over the way, is "Columbiad." This nomenclature is ill-advised, for, while they do make a bit of noise, it is true, they are not all "big guns."

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necessary to cloy the most capricious literary appetite. No effort has been spared to make it a success. Even the lady librarians are fair to gaze upon.

And the efforts of the philanthropic landlord have not been all in vain. The library is well patronized. I have seen as many as two doctors at once, poring over the works of reference. The librarians say that they are at times over-worked. They are often compelled to chase around all over the building, hunting for publications that the doctors have taken out and forgotten to return. I understand that during the past year several copies of Puck, and Judge, and the Ladies' Home Journal were lost in this way. One of the librarians told me the other day that she no longer permitted Texas Siftings to be taken out by anybody, and was going to stop subscribing for Godey's Magazine altogether.

But why should intellectual development produce hauteur in the "Columbagos?"



And I was proud, and my pride was not without foundation, for had I not neurasthenia, spinal irritation, lithemia—seventeen varieties—hepatic tor-

Why I Left Home

por, auto-intoxication—all forms—gastro-motor-insufficiency, dilated cardia, cardio-muscular exhaustion, renal inadequacy, morbus Brightii, nervous dyspepsia, and a few other things, the names of which escape me?

I will not expatiate upon a kaleidoscopic taste in my mouth, probably contracted from accidentally swallowing a chameleon while in the army, "way down in Floridy."

Oh, yes, I was proud. No man could be prouder and live. God help the laity! It can't wallow in any such diagnostic wealth. We doctors can not only luxuriate in a wealth of diagnostic profusion, but are privileged to select the diagnosis that pleases us best. But my medical advisers all said, "Get up and get!" "Sec," said one fat, protoplasmic friend of mine, "what rest has done for me," displaying the while an *embonpoint* that would grace our board of aldermen. He is a rest specialist, and a very dear friend of twenty years' standing—and some years' lying. And so, I packed my trunk and made ready to get up and get. And straightway I got—down with appendicitis, forsomuch as 'twas the only disease my anatomy did not already entertain. Which is how I finally escaped manifold consultations, for, by the same token, I had the real, venomous, awe-inspiring, fearsome, fashionable

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thing this time, and there was no room for conflicting opinions! Oh, yes, appendicitis has some redeeming features.

And when I recovered I was persecuted beyond endurance, by my surgeon friends. In my daily walks they dogged me. In my nightly dreams ghostly aseptic fingers clutched at mine ileo-cecal region. The mad, chilly February winds shrieked a dismal wail of reproach in mine affrighted ears—for I had permitted myself to be treated conservatively, and 'twas a traitorous and ignoble thing to do.

Treated conservatively! Well, I should remark! I had never received such varied and enthusiastic internal medication since those infantile days when a virtuous and philanthropic maiden aunt—the most unmarried woman I ever knew—was wont to ornament my Department of the Interior with Perry's Pain Killer, and such alluring agents of death. Oh, she was a doctor to the manner born! She it was who discovered that hive syrup was good for the hives. She was then in her dotage and had developed homeopathic leanings, which, being pathologic, should be condoned.

And so, my burden became greater than I could bear, and I fled, ingloriously fled, to the raging

A Cold Beginning

main, hoping that perchance I might lose mine appendix in the throes of *mal de mer*, and thus become rehabilitated in the esteem of my colleagues.



I had determined to seek a clime where perspiration is cheap and lithia salts at a discount. California, via the Isthmus of Panama, seemed to fulfill these special indications. Unfortunately, however, it was necessary to pass through New York to get to my point of embarkation. "But," quoth I, "who cares for that, in these days of Pullman cars and such things? Who cares for that beastly old blizzard that's raging down there, anyhow?" Did you ever get "stalled" in a blizzard, my dear friend? If not, you might have reasoned as I did, but not as I reason now. I have been there.

It was evident that New York had resolved to be inhospitable especially for my benefit. There had been no great fall of snow in that region for over a decade. Those who remembered the last severe snowstorm were already beginning to consider themselves old inhabitants. But, by all the gods, the elements made up for lost time on this occasion! Never was a convalescent more diabolically

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entertained. It was blowing great guns and snowing avalanches by the time Albany was reached. An extra locomotive made progression possible for a time, and the prospect of getting through seemed bright enough, despite the newspaper accounts of the serious effects of the storm on other roads, when, "all on a sudden," the blizzard opened a post-graduate course, attendance upon which was compulsory. The result was that the West Shore railroad ceased operations then and there, and the ill-fated train upon which I started for a vacation came to a standstill near Haverstraw, about forty miles from New York City. Now, the scenery of the Hudson River is very beautiful in the proper season, but, viewed from a train stuck in a snowbank, with a blizzard howling about one's ears, it is not a vision of delight nor conducive to equanimity.

After a futile effort to move the train a brilliant idea struck the conductor. He reasoned that although a heavy train of sleeping coaches could not get through, a train of day cars should have no difficulty in doing so. We luckless ones were there-upon transferred, bag and baggage, to a day coach on a local train that happened to come along. All went well for about three miles, when, "slumpety slosh!" into a snowbank we went and—there we

Eastern Hospitality

stuck. One engine after another was added to our motive power until four had been impressed into service, but to no purpose—we were evidently doomed to remain stuck in the snow until the spring thaws should free us, or until the railroad company was pleased to send a snow plow up the road. What a delightful time we had, to be sure. For thirty-one hours we remained in that snow-drift, apparently forgotten by the railroad company and everyone else! Aside from a few crackers and a small quantity of corned beef that had seen better days, the passengers had nothing to eat during the entire blockade. Had such an accident happened on a western road, anywhere near human habitations, some effort would have been made to relieve the passengers' discomfort. Not so there; not a soul appeared on the scene to offer assistance or even inquire as to our necessities. The people of the neighborhood actually refused to sell food to those of the passengers who were venturesome enough to face the storm in quest of it. The railroad officials might, at least, have made an effort to secure food for us, but, probably because they held us responsible for the stoppage of the train, they failed to materialize. The steam ran pretty low because of scarcity of water, and, taken all in all, the outlook for a worn-out doctor

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just arisen from an appendicitis bed, was not promising. Of course, I expected a relapse from the exposure. But a peculiar combination of circumstances saved me. There happened to be a theatrical company aboard—barnstormers, I fancy—en route for New York. I don't know what their histrionic ability may have been, but their good-fellowship was unquestionable. They were well supplied with mysterious cockle-warming liquids to keep off chill, and, to our delight, furnished us non-histrionic passengers with a variety of caloric that made us quite thankful that the steam was low. The heavy villain was in love with the leading lady, and their soft dalliances gave us one continuous sentimental clinic for the entire period of our imprisonment. As the pert sou-brette was jealous of the leading lady and both were red-headed, we soon forgot the storm—

“Blow high, blow low, not all its snow,
Could quench our hearth fire's ruddy glow.”

Within two hours we had opened all the ventilators to the full, and by midnight were offering to trade our overcoats and sealskin sacques for snowball sandwiches. Even my appendix vermiciformis absorbed some of the rosy-hued romance of the occasion and quit its usual grumbling.

I Begin to Thaw

Is it not fortunate that all things disagreeable, like all things pleasant, always have an ending? The snow plows came at last, and we were free once more.

How dismal New York seemed to me. Snow, snow, snow, snow everywhere, piled up as high as the tops of the street cars. What a reception for a man bound for the tropics! Recalling my feelings on that occasion, I remember that I had but one ambition in life—

“A boat, a boat, my Kingdom for a boat!”



Ho, for the tropics!

How irksome and uncomfortable were my overcoat and woollens about the fourth day out from New York, and with what joy did I present mine old overcoat, of the vintage of—oh, I'm ashamed to tell—to my cabin boy. And with what hilarity did I “shuck off” my heavy flannels—two suits, an' it please you, my lords and gentlemen—and begin my cold salt showers o'mornings—and February mornings at that. In very truth, the great Gulf Stream is a stream celestial, and its warm trade winds are breathed forth from Paradise.

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Just think of it, only four days since, I had been mixed up with the business end of a blizzard, and there I was luxuriating in sea baths and summer clothing! The officers of the ship became resplendent in white duck and canvas shoes, and the waiters and cabin boys were so happy that they lost their "how I hunger for a tip" expression. Mind you, they only lost the hungry facial expression. There was no perceptible change in their appetites. As for myself, I—well, I forgot my patients, aye, even the lancinating memory of mine appendix was lost in the dreamy haze of that semi-tropic sea.



Azure above and below, by day, dusky violet below and a diamond-bespangled violet dome above, by night—he who fares through the Gulf Stream must needs be soulless indeed, if he be not o'erwhelmed with its manifold beauties.

He who, in his quiet study, reads Lafcadio Hearn's description of the emotional effect of vivid blue upon himself, full surely will fail to grasp that most gifted author's meaning. Let him, however, with Hearn's description fresh in mind, sail through the Gulf Stream, and he will understand,

A Sensuous Blue

even as I—who then comprehended not at all, from my own psychic experience, the relation of color to the higher emotions—at once understood.

Quoth Hearn:*

“In my own case the sight of vivid blue has always been accompanied by an emotion of vague delight—more or less strong according to the luminous intensity of the color. And in one experience of travel—sailing to the American tropics—this feeling rose into ecstasy. It was when I beheld for the first time the grandest vision of blue in this world—the glory of the Gulf Stream. A magical splendor that made me doubt my senses—a flaming azure that looked as if a million summer skies had been condensed into pure fluid color for the making of it.

“The captain of the ship leaned over the rail with me, and we both watched the marvelous sea for a long time in silence. Then he said:

“‘Fifteen years ago I took my wife with me on this trip—just after we were married, it was—and she wondered at the water. She asked me to get her a silk dress of the very same color. I tried in ever so many places, but I never could get just what she wanted till a chance took

*“Azure Psychology—Exotics and Retrospectives.”

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me to Canton. I went round the Chinese silk shops day after day, looking for that color. It wasn't easy to find, but I did get it at last. Wasn't she glad, though, when I brought it home to her?

. . . . She's got it yet.'

"Still, at times in sleep I sail southward again over the wonder of that dazzling, surging azure. Then the dream shifts suddenly across the world and I am wandering with the captain through close, dim, queer Chinese streets, vainly seeking a silk of the blue of the Gulf Stream. And it was this memory of tropic days that first impelled me to think about the reason of the delight inspired by the color."



And the blue of the Gulf Stream is not all, say I. Seaweeds, in modest brown and tan and orange-red float silently by on their way to the place where the Gulf Stream meets the cold, inhospitable waters from the north. One can almost see, in fancy's eye, the seaweed drifting on and on, dreamily, softly, lazily riding the almost rippleless sea, until it halts, shudderingly, at the margin of the frigid waves that bound, like a frame of chill, the genial way of the life-giving tropic stream.

Breezes of Balm

And color is not all. Breezes laden with balm and scent of spice, warm and sweet and caressing like the breath of the maid who loves you—breezes burdened with the glow and warmth of far-off vales, lying all resplendent 'neath the mystic glimmer of the southern cross—breezes gentler than the whisper of a well-beloved child—breezes that waft perfumes sweeter than those of "Araby the Blest"—breezes that cajole, thrill, soothe, captivate, aye, enslave one in a tangle of sensuous emotions—ah! it is well to have lived and tasted of their supernal joys.

Once more engrossed in the corroding cares of the land of work-a-day, I am wont to conjure from memory's treasure-house a vision of blue, a balmy breath of spice and a sensuous thrill of gentle, tropic warmth that make my hours of dreams more beautiful than of yore.



I never appreciated the advantages of being a doctor, until I enjoyed the fact without the distinction. The doctor who is in search of recreation and rest must conceal his profession, or his rest will be broken and his recreation slavery. Then, too, one learns so much from the laity. When, for the first time in my life, I, who considered my-

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self proof against the ocean qualms, became most ingloriously, but none the less emphatically, seasick, I must have appealed strongly to the sympathies of my fellow passengers. At least, they prescribed for me with great persistency and in variegated forms. I soon discovered that we doctors do not appreciate the laity as we should. The profession has no specific for sea-sickness, but I will make affidavit that no less than forty infallible cures were tendered me by my advisers. I meekly accepted them all, and, when my collection was complete, dumped the whole lot overboard one fine morning. As I threw the stuff astern, and the ship's log was very "wabbly" that day, the conclusion forces itself upon me that there was great virtue in those remedies. In passing, let me remark that my fellow passengers evidently did not believe in stimulants for sea-sickness—at least they did not give me any. Which was not regular, and may account for my prodigal offering of drugs and simples to Neptune. Poor old Nep! I revenged myself upon him by the infliction of greater miseries than *mal de mer*.

The advisability of the medical man's concealing his identity while on a vacation, was later most forcibly impressed upon me by my experience in a small town in California. My attention happened to be called to a child, evidently suffering

Lay Therapeutics

from some naso-pharyngeal trouble. My sympathies were aroused and I made an examination. Finding a pair of enormous tonsils, I recommended a trip to San Francisco, for the purpose of consulting a throat specialist. As a reward for my philanthropy I was overrun with patients of one sort or another. I suddenly blossomed out into a specialist in diseases of the head, trunk, and extremities. I was, for the nonce, an expert in everything from tic doloureux to bunions. To illustrate the confidence I inspired and the esteem in which I was held by those simple village folk, the following breakfast-table conversation between a fellow boarder at the little "hotel" and myself is not inappropriate:

"Say, mister, be you a doctor?"

"Why, y-yes, I am."

"Well, say, Doc, do you know anythin' what'll cure catarrh in th' head of a hoss? I've got a little sorrel mare that I'd give some feller a hundred dollars ter cure, spot cash."

Which was a "horse on me," sure enough.

I again recommended a specialist, although the novelty of the "spot cash" argument almost tempted me to—well, anyway, I put temptation behind me and fled to the hills. And so, my "Frisco" specialist friends, if you have been over-burdened with practice lately, I am responsible for it. You

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may send me express orders for my commissions. Of course' you'll give the usual liberal "divvy." Fifty per cent is the established rate among real high-toned Chicago doctors, and I couldn't take less, you know, not even tho' I didn't "assist" at the operations. Pshaw! I'm getting sea-sick again!



"The Pearl of the Antilles!" The "Sapphire of the Antilles," rather. Small wonder that our Spanish friends objected to losing the fairest jewel in the Castilian crown.

The sun was just setting, as our matter-of-fact old steamer rounded the eastern end of Cuba. It were difficult to imagine a fairer picture than the varying lights and shades of that beautiful island as I then saw it. At the extreme northern angle a line of reefs and jagged rocks gave a vicious beauty to the shore line. Then came a long stretch of surf-beaten sands, shading off into a gently sloping upland, which, to the distant eye, seemed covered with verdure. Not a sign of human habitation or human handiwork was to be seen for the entire stretch of coast, save a lonely lighthouse and, some distance further south, a luckless steamer that had gone ashore in a gale some weeks

A Sapphire of the Seas

before. Abandoned and, granting that she was well insured, forgotten, she lay upon the reefs, the surf boiling about her sides and eroding its remorseless way to her shivering ribs, and the winds whistling a lonesome dirge amid her slack and dilapidated rigging. So desolate was the scene that 'twas hard to believe that only a few miles away, upon the southern side of the island, Sampson's guns, a few short months before, had boomed the death knell of fairer and stancher ships than that poor old trader.

Straight up from the fair, sloping upland rose a long line of low hills, a terraced formation that might well pass for a cleverly-devised and well-constructed fortress. Should occasion ever demand its fortification, the eastern end of Cuba could easily be made well-nigh impregnable. Behind the terraces towered range after range of grandly beautiful mountains, cloud-crowned and bathed in the rose-red and gold of the setting tropic sun. Over all was a purple haze that imparted to those terraced hills and majestic mountains a tinge as of a sapphire bathed in flame.



Panama and the Sierras

Of all the two-faced frauds that nature ever constructed, the Caribbean sea is the worst. "How beautiful it is!" quoth he upon whom it hath deigned to smile. "How sick I was!" cries the luckless wight who hath traversed its blue waters when the "trades" were blowing adversely. I knew just how it would be. My fellow passengers had enlightened me from all possible standpoints, hence I was prepared—with a palm leaf fan and an extra supply of remedies for sea-sickness, and so I was not surprised to find the Caribbean glassy smooth and as blue as the azure seas of which all poets sing.

The scent-laden trade-wind was blowing gently from off shore. Balmy and sweet the breeze, as 'twere a breath from out the gates of a garden of odorous blossoms. We were miles and miles from the nearest shore when land birds of varied and brilliant plumage began to alight upon the ship. Poor little storm-tossed waifs! The trade-wind had not been gentle for long, and, blowing off the land, had wantonly kidnapped the feathered strays and borne them far out to sea. What tales of hardship and privation they might have told. While wondering how their feeble wings could have kept the birds out of the maw of the hungry sea for so long, I was fairly startled by what one might

A Tarry Raconteur

have thought an apparition—a gorgeous, many-hued butterfly, that came floating leisurely along as though out on a holiday in gala attire. The magnificent wayfarer would not condescend to alight on the ship. He seemed astonished at first, by the unexpected intrusion of human kind upon his pleasure paths, then, with a resentful flutter of his beauteous wings, flew up and up, above the bridge, where he hung vibrating until the unsentimental officer on watch made a grab at him, when he whirled contemptuously away toward the open sea and was lost to view. Frail little creature, what was thy fate? Was it bird, or fish, or wave?



Not the least picturesque feature of my vacation days was the bluff old mate of the sturdy Petrel. A rough sea dog of the old régime was he, weather-beaten and to the manner born. "Old Bill," the sailors called him, "off watch" and out of the stern old fellow's hearing, "Mr. Hoskins, sir," when addressing him directly. As I am off watch and he cannot hear me, Old Bill he's going to be.

Panama and the Sierras

Bill was as gay and blithesome a liar as one could wish to meet, but he had a talent for story-telling that appealed to my sympathies, hence I greatly appreciated his yarns, from the statement that he had been "to sea for nigh on forty years, an' never learned to swim," to his blood-curdling yarns of his narrow escape from a Spanish man-of-war that was laying for that same old Petrel during the recent war. As the affair was a stern chase and the Petrel got clean away, the story was a reflection on the valor of the American navy. The Petrel couldn't steam over nine knots an hour to save her engines, and if a Spanish cruiser couldn't catch her, Sampson, Schley & Co. deserve mighty little credit for destroying Cervera's old tubs, anyhow. Patriotism impels me to believe that Bill, as usual, was lying.

It is not often that a moldy, antiquated, worm-eaten "chestnut" of a story is worthy of remembrance just because it is a chestnut, but Bill told such a one. I was wont to listen to all of his yarns very attentively; I had heard and read much of the yarns spun by men who "go down to the sea in ships," and was anxious to add some to my repertoire.

"So, ye want another yarn, do ye. Well, mebbe ye never heard this one. 'Twas about a boy that

A Salted Chestnut

run away ter sea. He went all 'round the world an' was gone away from home a long time. When he got home again, his old mother asked him ter tell her some of the funny things he'd run across in his travels. 'Well,' says he, 'I've run across some mighty queer things. Why, mother, down in the West Indies where I was last spring, on a ship in the sugar trade, I saw a country where there was mountains all made of sugar. Windin' 'round them sugar mountains was rivers of the finest old Jamaiky rum I ever tasted.'

"'You don't say so!' says the old lady. 'Well, well, well, who'd ha' thought it? Real old Jamaiky rum!'

"'Oh, that 'aint nothin', says the boy. 'We was anchored off Valparaiso one Sunday mornin,' when all at once we heard some feller hollerin'; 'Hello, there, Cap'n! I say, hello, there!'" We looked all over the ship without findin' anybody, till finally the cabin boy spots a merman, settin' on the hawser and floppin' his old tail 'round like a mackerel. When he sees the Cap'n, he takes off his hat real polite like an' says, says he. "'Scuse me, Cap'n, but would you mind shiftin' yer anchor a bit? You've dropped it inter my front yard right in front of my door. My wife wants to go to church, an', b'gosh, she can't git out."

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“ ‘Well, of course, the old man said he’d shift the anchor. The merman says, “Thankee very kindly, sir,” an’ with a flop o’ his fishy tail dove out o’ sight.’

“ ‘Do tell,’ says the old lady, ‘That was real kind of the Cap’n. But say, John, did ye see any queer animals while ye was gone?’

“ ‘Oh, yes,’ says John, ‘I saw stacks of ’em. Why, mother, ye just orter see the flyin’ fish in the Caribbean sea.’

“ ‘Hold on there, John!’ says the old woman, ‘Did you say flyin’ fish?’

“ ‘Yes, mother, flyin’ fish.’

“ ‘Now, just lookee here, John,’ says she, ‘I believe what you say about the mountains of sugar an’ rivers of rum—I’ve hearn tell of them—an’ that story about the merman is all right, ’cause mermen’s wives has ter go ter church same as other folks, but, when you try to stuff yer pore old mother with yarns about flyin’ fish, yer goin’ a leetle too far, John, jest a leetle too far.’ ”

Of which story, more anon.



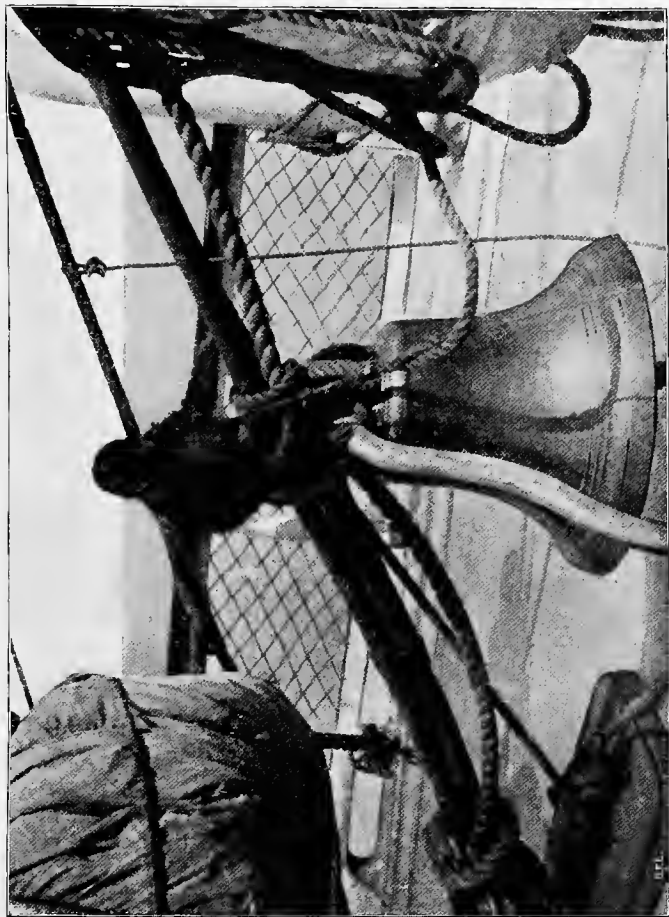
A Free Silverite

"Billy Bryan," the sailors called him, whereat I wondered muchly, and made sundry and divers inquiries for enlightenment. I failed to get much information that could be relied upon, however. It seems that, while Billy was a highly respectable monkey of the ring-tailed variety, his pedigree and other details of his history were shrouded in the gloomiest gloom—a sort of Stephen Crane gloom, the kind you can "hear" if you listen intently. He had been the property of a sailor, who had died at Panama of "Yellow Jack," and had been kept aboard the ship mainly because of his "cussedness," rather than from any sentimental regard on the part of the sailors for the "bunky" that was dead and gone. A dead sailor is to his mates at best, only—a dead sailor. Some said that his previous owner had called the monkey Billy Bryan because he had been caught in Guatemala—a free silver country. Others again, thought he was named after the distinguished statesman from Nebraska because he hadn't a ghost of a show to be elected president of the United States. This was hardly good reasoning as to the monkey's political prospects, for within the memory of man "monkeys" have been known to rise to that exalted position. Of course, the application was justifiable enough as to the "Boy Orator of the Platte," but, some-

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how, the explanation was not sufficient. The only point of real similarity between Bryan and his Simian namesake lay in the fact that the former is a lawyer, and the latter characterized by predatory habits. This, too, was insufficient to explain the monkey's name. A mystery, then, it must ever remain.

Billy was very wise in his day and generation. He had acquired a thirst for the liquids in the steward's buffet that was a glowing tribute to the memory of Darwin. I had heard of monkeys that were "almost human," but I had never before encountered one that was thoroughly human. Billy would get blind drunk, he was an infernal thief and as big a liar as a fellow who couldn't talk man-talk could possibly be, and would invariably return evil for good whenever he had any choice in the matter. Oh, yes, Billy was a very anthropoidic monk. Billy had the run of the ship from time to time, and on such occasions made life one continual round of enjoyment for the passengers. There was nothing too mean for him to do. His last exploit was a murderous assault on the captain's pet cat. Had it not been for the intervention of one of the sailors, tabby would have been food for the sharks. Billy was proceeding to push



"BILLY" IN VILLAINOUS MEDITATION.

As Mean as a Man

her under the bulwark netting and into the sea, when he was discovered and his nefarious plans upset.

But I failed to appreciate fully how very human that precious monkey was until I tried to do him a good turn one day. He had been deprived of the freedom of the ship after his felonious—"felinious" it should be, I suppose—assault on the captain's cat. On fair days, however, he was brought on deck by a sympathetic sailor, who had stuck to the long-tailed rascal through all his evil conduct. He was tethered to a rope near the ship's bell. Here he moped and sulked, and concocted new schemes of villainy. Whether he despaired of getting into any more mischief, became tired of life and, in a fit of melancholy, tried to hang himself, or got into the predicament accidentally, I cannot say—suffice it that I found his monkeyship suspended by the neck in such a manner that, if help had not been at hand, his gentle spirit would have been wafted into the monkey heaven quicker than I have written the account of his misfortune. Now, I had no love for that particular monkey, in fact, I hated him as—well, as much as my gentle and forgiving spirit permits me to hate. In general, the prospects of parting company with him was not in the least abhorrent to me, but I lean some-

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what toward Buddhism, and I didn't like to think of that miserable little fiend coming back to earth again. He might be transmogrified into a populist, a "professor" of osteopathy, or worse still, a "kissing bug," (*Hobsonia Osculatorius*.)*

And so I interposed, got a stay of proceedings, and, by what a distinguished lawyer friend of mine calls a "bill of revival"—known to medicine as artificial respiration—succeeded in resuscitating him. Billy was meek enough for an hour or so after his painful experience—he was too weak to look for mischief. Finally, however, he recovered sufficiently to enable him to climb to the top of the bell, where he sat in moody silence. Feeling that my assistance in his recent trouble entitled me to the monkey's friendship, I started toward him with the view of condoling with him. He waited until I was fairly within range and then, with a snarl that would have done credit to a Scotch terrier, sprang right at my face. Fortunately he miscalculated and, having reached the end of his rope, landed at my feet. Being willing to seize upon any portion of my anatomy that happened to be handy, he immediately set his vicious teeth in the

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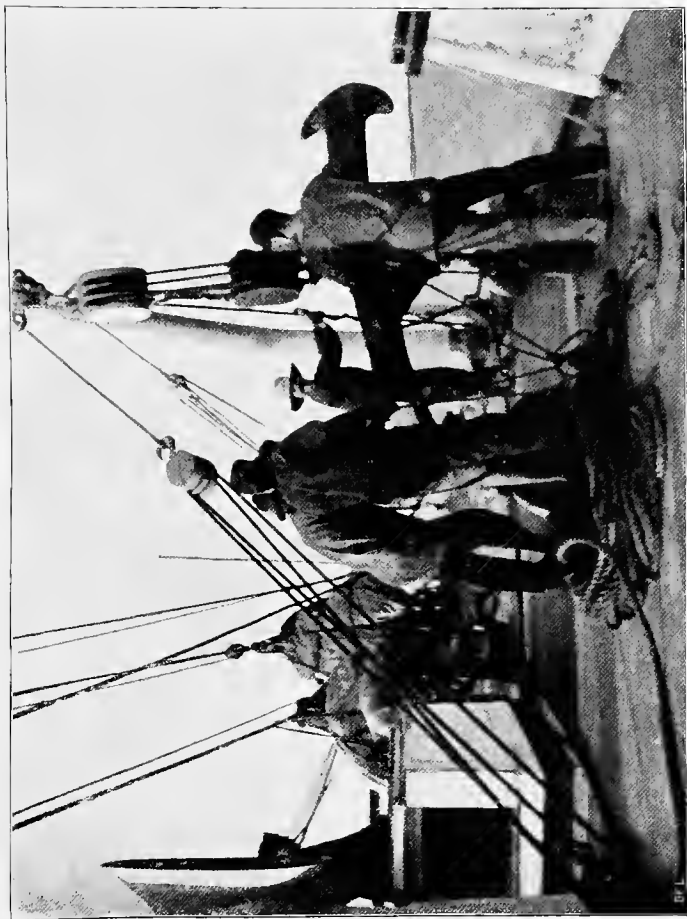
Just Like a Patient

calf of my right leg. Having thus revenged himself upon the supposed author of his recent misery, the little imp sprang back to his perch upon the bell and proceeded to swear at me in all the shades and variations of the monkey language. Had my friend, Prof. Garner, been there, he might have added some veritable gems to his Simian vocabulary. Had I ever entertained the slightest doubt as to the correctness of the evolutionary doctrine, this last evidence of human nature in that monkey would have dispelled it. The worst of it was that Billy was not in the habit of brushing his teeth with antiseptics, hence I had a nice little infection in the bite and a resulting ulcer that lasted for some weeks. There is an ugly scar upon my leg, which has decided my political trend whenever, in future, the distinguished apostle of free silver is a candidate for "any old office." I will not lend the limb for campaign material, however; it might be—well, submitted to too much traction. Queer are the ways of politicians. But I am now superior to the average voter. I'll have some tangible reason for my political creed on election day.



Panama and the Sierras

Sultry, vile-smelling, dirty old Colon! In the days of the Argonauts, who, in quest of "The Golden Fleece," traversed the Isthmus of Panama en route to the "land of mines and vines, of Howland and Aspinwall's steamship lines," this ancient town was called Aspinwall, in honor of the founder of the first line of steamships to The Golden West. With all due deference to Mr. Aspinwall, the present name of the town is far more appropriate than its former patronymic. It is certainly flattering to the late Christobal—who is too dead to know—and expressive of the anatomic and physiologic relations of the place to the rest of the American continent. William E. Curtis has enthused over its quaint picturesqueness and beauty. Well, the distinguished W. E. C. must have gazed at the town from the bay through a glass, then shut his eyes and held his breath till well away from the place. The view from the harbor is, however, really very beautiful. As I saw them, the low, quaint buildings, the lofty palms and cocoanut trees, with the haze of the early tropic morning over all, were a picture fair to see. The sturdy sailors who dropped the anchor were matter-of-fact enough, but there was joy for me in the rattling of the chain and the paying out of the hawser. But, after landing, and the novelty of watching the



A MATTER-OF-FACT SUBJECT.

Colon, née Aspinwall

dusky, perspiring stevedores and roustabouts and listening to their big, round Spanish oaths and monkey-like chatter has worn off, one sees Colon as it really is, and, unless he be much less fastidious than myself, he will not take away pleasant memories of the place. Poor old De Lesseps! I don't wonder he went wrong. His prolonged residence in Colon should expiate any participation he may have had in that most colossal steal of modern times, the Panama canal. Oh, yes, that Colon is a dirty, fever-smitten and generally unhealthful place, and yet, it might be redeemed—I do not say that if it were “flushed,” it might not—well, I don't like the place, anyhow, and will not be likely to visit it again from choice. Even its apparently secure, land-locked harbor is a delusion and a snare for the unwary mariner. When the breezes blow “for keeps,” vessels are oft-times compelled to seek safety outside the bay.

Colon is built upon a coral island, less than a mile long and a third of a mile wide. The island is very little above sea level and is connected with the main land by artificial embankments, built chiefly by the railroad company, which has spent \$5,000,000 in improving the town.

The climate of Colon and vicinity has been satirically described as being divided into two sea-

Panama and the Sierras

sons. "First, the wet season, from the 15th of April to the 15th of December, when people die of yellow fever in four or five days. Second, the dry or 'healthy season,' from December 15th to April 15th, when people die of pernicious fever in from twenty to thirty-six hours." Colon is a small place, but the time has been known during epidemics when forty or fifty people were buried daily in its cemetery. The town has been burned down once, but a few more first-class fires would be decidedly beneficial.



"All aboard for Panama!"

How like old friends some things inanimate really seem. I am sure I recognized the very engine that drew me over the isthmus in 186—; I don't care to tell what year, for I'm getting a bit "touchy" on the point of age. It had been so long since that memorable ride that I did not expect to see my old asthmatic friend again. But I know that it must have been the same. Somewhat decrepit, it is true, with a more strident and anxious intonation in its spasmodic wheezes, and a denser hue in its smoke and grime, but never-the-less the same old steed. More given to balkiness than of

An Old Friend

yore, and therefore less liable to get there on time, the venerable machine was still worthy of my affection and esteem as the first locomotive I had ever seen. Messieurs, the managers of the Panama railroad, don't say that it was not the friend of my youth—the memory of my first railway ride is too vivid. I could not have been mistaken. And the cars, too, must have been the same, else my memory betrayed me.

But who cares for smoke, and dust, or bumping, rickety cars, or a wheezy engine, so long as the way lies through Paradise. The Isthmus of Panama, as seen from the railroad, is a continuous panorama of tropic beauty. Palms and ferns in the wildest profusion, bananas, plantains, bamboos, cottonwoods and tall cocoanut trees line the way. It seemed as though we were traveling through a vast conservatory. Intertwined with the dense, tangled shrubbery were hundreds of wild morning-glory vines of every conceivable variety, and the forest in all directions was illumined by gorgeous orchids and countless other blossoms of many and varied hues. In many places the ivy-tangled trees and shrubbery are so dense that the forest is apparently impenetrable. Now and again a bird of brilliant plumage flitted by, or a huge, gorgeous butterfly lazily winged his way among the flowers.

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Here and there a narrow pathway may be seen which is by no means inviting to the traveler. The closely-matted underbrush is too suggestive of snakes, which are there so numerous and large. Much of the land is swampy, and an explanation of the prevalence of severe malarial infection is not far to seek. From time to time bouquets of exquisite flowers were offered for sale on the train, bouquets that would have enthused the coldest of mortals. As we reached the hills in the interior of the isthmus the scenery grew semi-tropic—indeed, it appeared very like that of the temperate zone. Only for a few miles, however, and then, down again into fairyland we went—and in fairyland we staid till the city of Panama was reached and that wonderful ride was but a memory.



Despite the tumble-down and poverty-stricken appearance of most of the buildings in the towns along the Panama railroad, there are features of picturesqueness, novelty and beauty. Low, dark and decrepit as many of the houses are, their palm-thatched roofs and adobe walls appeal to the ar-



A CHILD STUDY IN EBONY.

Wayside Picturesques

tistic eye as more pretentious dwellings could not do. In many instances the selection of building materials is most peculiar. That corrugated iron is a suitable substance of which to construct a tropic habitation I very much doubt, yet a large proportion of the dwellings and stores are built of it. Where the walls are composed of other materials the roof is of corrugated iron. When the iron becomes corroded and dilapidated, it forms a most novel ruin. I succeeded in getting a very excellent illustration of an old, tumble-down hut of this description. The picture is especially striking in that a native pickaninny accidentally became mixed up with my subject. I had been seeking an opportunity to capture a picture of some of the native children, costumed *a la mode*, but without success. When my proofs were developed I was quite astonished to find that, in photographing the hut, I had also taken a little native urchin characteristically arrayed in his "best suit of clothes." He had evidently been swimming in the big wooden bowl that may be seen near the hut, and was probably posing for the spanking which mammy was in duty bound to give him—when she caught him. To advertisers of soaps I will say that this urchin's picture is covered by special copyright, tho' with but little else.

Panama and the Sierras

The population of the isthmus is most cosmopolitan. It is especially characterized by Orientals. Typic Chinese, Japanese and Malays are met with. The native population is decidedly mixed. Nowhere is the color line less sharply drawn than here. A large proportion of the people are of negro blood, the Caucasian element being mainly Spanish, as might be expected, considering the nationality of the earliest settlers and the fact that miscegenation is not so unpopular with the Latins as it might be. Pervading the whole is that native Indian blood which gives to the population those peculiar characteristics that distinguish the denizens of all Spanish-American colonies. Whatever the mingling of bloods may be, Spanish is the universal language.

At the time of this, my last visit to the isthmus, a "one-horse" revolution was in progress in Colombia—revolution is the chief industry down there—and extra vigilance was imposed upon the police lest filibusters or other suspicious characters enter the country. As a result of this effort to prevent the invasion of their malaria-stricken republic by evil-minded marauders, we passengers were submitted to investigation by a "one-by-five" police officer. The investigation was very severe, consisting of taking our names in a huge and formid-

Isthmian Vigilance

able register. The policeman couldn't talk English, nor, I suspect, could he read or write in any language, so we just signed any old name that happened to come handy. It may surprise the shade of Ward McAllister to hear that he is on the books of the Panama police, but he's there just the same. I put McAllister's name down because the officer was barefooted, and therefore merited rebuke. Indeed, the rebuke was merited by the whole force of the isthmus. So far as I could judge, shoes are tabooed in that region. Ward surely cannot feel hurt by the misappropriation of his name, for he had excellent company. Such names as Admiral Dewey, Teddy Roosevelt, Charles Robert Darwin and General Miles would grace any register. As each distinguished name went down upon the big, dirty book, the officer bowed with the grace of a Chesterfield, smiling the while as though such intimate acquaintance with great men warmed the very cockles of his heart.

There is no isthmian town so humble that it cannot afford a police force. Though there be but two huts in the place, one of them is sure to be decorated with a huge sign announcing that therein is to be found the department of police. In the picture herewith appended may be seen the entire police force of one little town on duty bent. The

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emergency is evidently a serious one, for the "finest" has a decidedly untropical "hustle" on him. Surely, nothing short of a riot call or an invasion of filibusters could so move an isthmian policeman. There is too much languor in the Colombian air, and too much restful apathy in the native blood.



Let it not be supposed that the photographic fiend has an easy time in securing photographs of the Panama natives. The only "snap" there is is in the machine. I had no end of trouble in getting pictures sufficiently interesting and characteristic to warrant the effort involved. My victims were shy and, I suspect, superstitious. They would have none of me. Such snap shots as I secured were "happy go lucky" and taken on the sly. On one occasion I made liberal offers of real American coin to the female guardians of a particularly bright and clean-looking row of pickaninnies, in the hope of securing a nearer view. Failing to cajole my victims, I took a hurried snap shot at them. The result was so illustrative of the difficulties under which I labored that I am now well pleased with what bade fair to be a failure. Two women are



AN ISTHMIAN POLICE FORCE ON DUTY BOUND.

A Snap-shooter's Troubles

seen running away from the "Gringo devil," whilst one, more courageous than the rest, stands shaking her warning finger at him in vigorous protest. The pickaninnies, four in a row, probably scared stiff by the demonstrations of their elders, and all too conscious of their Sunday garb, show up like flies in a pan of new milk.

Apropos of the children of the isthmus, there seems to be the greatest variance of opinion as to the proper garments for their adornment. I say "adornment" advisedly—protection for their tough little hides is hardly necessary in that tropic climate, and ethical considerations would seem to be at a discount. The youngster who has on more than a single garment is rare. Those who have this single shirt-like covering seem envious of those who haven't a stitch of clothing upon them—and these are many. As the shirt is rather abbreviated, the ethical importance of the garment is open to question. The most incongruous groups of children are to be seen; children black as night, fair-haired and brown-skinned, red-headed and black-skinned, white-skinned and yellow-skinned, children with shirt and trousers, children with only a shirt and that of most unstable equilibrium, children with not a vestige of clothing—whose native modesty is most diaphanous—all playing to-

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gether, as naturally as if there were no such thing as indecency in their language. And who shall say that innocence—and dirt—is not an all-sufficient garb? But, some of the children I saw were just a trifle old for such costumes, and besides, they “ripen” rather early down there.

Many of the children are very beautiful. I have seen, especially in the city of Panama, little dark-skinned beauties who would attract admiring attention anywhere. In the towns along the road, I noticed that many of the children seemed unhealthy. Their faces were pasty and anemic, their limbs spindling and fragile, and their abdomens markedly protuberant. Commenting upon this in the hearing of several gentlemen who live upon the isthmus, I was informed that their sickly appearance, and especially their protuberant abdomens, resulted from the practice of clay-eating. It is probable that the clay contains arsenic in sufficient quantity to produce the characteristic effects of that drug. How far rachitis enters into the resulting nutritional disturbance is open to question.

The principal industry of the isthmus seems to be the Panama lottery. All along the road obtrude the signs of that more or less worthy institution. In every little town one of the more pretentious buildings is sure to bear the legend, “*Lotteria de*



A ROW OF ISTHMIAN PICKANINNIES.

Colombian Soldierly

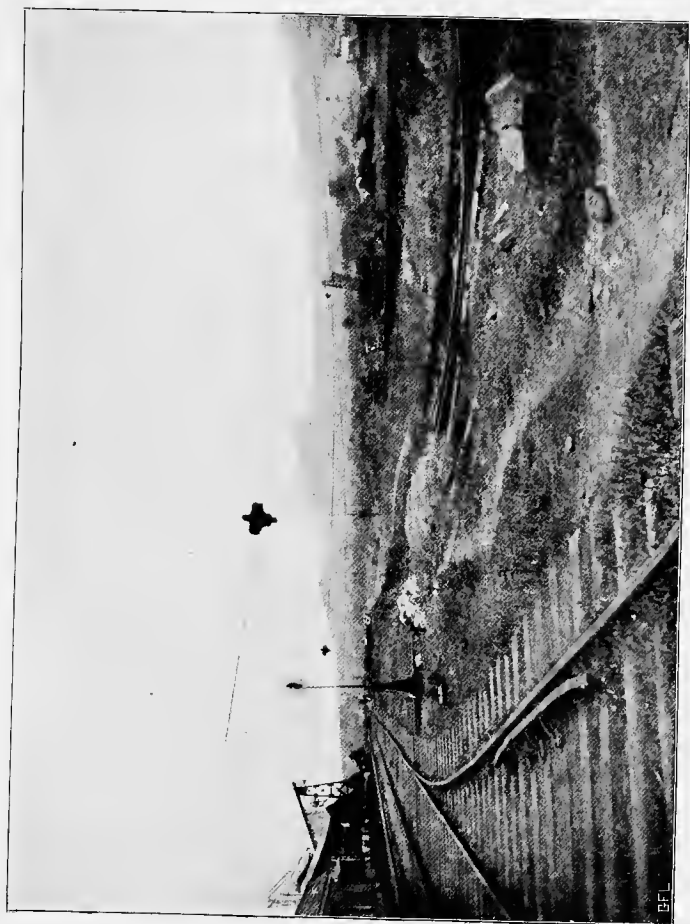
Panama." In one town the lottery agency is situated next door to a military barracks. It was quite entertaining to see the soldiers lounging about the door of the lottery office, comparing tickets and engaged in what was evidently a more or less animated discussion of the last lucky number. And what martial-looking fellows they were, to be sure! Shoes and stockings were at a discount with them, their bayonets had no scabbards, half of their guns had no bayonets and some of the bayonets no guns; their uniforms were—not uniform. But then, there was the commandante—oh, my, the commandante! Solomon in all his glory was a gray mouse beside that official. How revolutions are possible in that country I cannot see. I can hear the reverberations of that gorgeous red and gold uniform even now. Ye gods! if he had only had shoes—shades of Bonaparte and Wellington!



Not the least remarkable of the interesting features of my several trips across the isthmus were the frequent views of the Panama canal—the grave of so many ambitions, confessedly the grave of De Lessep's honor, very nearly the financial

Panama and the Sierras

grave of the French nation, and the cause of more heartaches and privations than perhaps any enterprise of modern times. How pathetic the fate of the great engineer, to whose fame the Suez canal had guaranteed immortality. Was De Lesseps really *particeps criminis* in this, the greatest steal of the century, or was he merely a pliant and unsuspecting tool in the hands of unscrupulous stock-jobbers and swindlers? Charitable though one may be, the impression obtrudes itself that a man of De Lesseps' engineering skill and practical experience must have known that the scheme was a crooked one from start to finish. I do not claim to know much of engineering problems, but to me, a casual observer, the comparison of the tangible results with the cost of the work up to the time the bubble burst, suggested that there had never been any serious intention of completing the canal, and that the scheme was a gigantic swindle from its inception to the time when the French nation refused to be longer fleeced and the boom in Panama stock collapsed. Evidences of waste and prodigality are seen on every hand. Engines, tram cars, railroad iron and construction material of all kinds, dump cars and steam shovels in suggestive profusion lie rusting along the railroad and the alleged banks of the canal. The ex-



VIEW OF THE PANAMA CANAL NEAR CULEBRA.

The Panama Canal

planation of this enormous waste is not far to seek. Aside from the idle machinery and appliances incident to an almost complete suspension of work on the canal, the rusting and decaying material bears eloquent if mute testimony to many a fraudulent contract. Were the promoters hungry for more money? They blithely assessed the stock. But the stockholders were getting restless and must be offered a *raison d'être* for the assessment. "Aha!" cried the promoters. "We will order more material and call upon the lambs to settle the bills." And order they did, and such a doctoring of bills for supplies ne'er before was seen. And the poor devils of stockholders had little opportunity to inventory the materials purchased or to compare the stuff delivered with that ordered and paid for. Itemized and verified accounts are not to say popular with promoters of huge enterprises.

But what of the canal?

"There you are!" quoth a fellow traveler who knew the ropes.

"Where?" I asked, as guilelessly as only a Chicagoan could.

"Why, right over there. Don't you see it?"

Well, I did see a sort of ditch, of a shallowness suggesting that the engineers had been afraid to

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dig very deeply, lest they might discover that the wrong route had been selected. When I expressed my astonishment at the trivial amount of work done, the wise ones said:

"Wait until you see the great Culebra cut."

And I did wait, and I saw the cut aforesaid, and, while a vast amount of digging had been done, I wondered what on earth the row was all about, anyway. To one familiar with the work of American engineers, the Culebra cut is not likely to be a cause of paralysis or even great emotional excitement. I am myself by no means phlegmatic, but I did not find the wonderful cut especially exciting nor productive of a rush of blood to the head. Two hundred and fifty-six millions of dollars should have made quite a showing, but the canal itself is hardly big enough to bury that much money in. As I looked at the work and thought of the cost, I wondered what our drainage canal commissioners would have done with that Panama ditch. I don't know how well they could have withstood temptation so far away from the stockholders, but I'll wager that, ere this, they would have had ships traversing the isthmus from ocean to ocean.

Culebra is on the crest of the Andes, which with us would be called the "divide." It is characterized by the rankest of vegetation. 'Tis said that if



THE CULEBRA CUT-PANAMA CANAL.

A Deadly Occupation

the railroad company did not keep men constantly employed in cutting it away from the tracks, the vegetation would hide the road in six months.

And the waste and peculation in digging the canal was not all. Broken hearts and blasted lives there may have been among the stockholders in *La belle France*, but here the patient toilers in the dirt died like poisoned flies. Winding in and out among the swampy plains and mountains of the isthmus slowly creeps the sluggish Chagres River. Who has not heard of the deadly "Chagres fever," the most malignant of malarial infections? Imagine the result when the deadly micro-organisms were stirred up and liberated by the picks and shovels of the laboring thousands, who, tempted by relatively high wages, flocked to work upon the great ditch. The "ready-made graves" along the route of the canal were not long empty. Some chance for his life had the native son of the soil; 'twas as if the sun had baked him until he was case-hardened and resistant to a degree, but the alien laborer—in most instances his doom was sealed. If he escaped a speedy death his after life was wrecked by chronic malarial poisoning with its train of physical ills. Air, water and soil, all were against him. Even slight deference to the laws of hygiene and practical sanitation was impossible.

Panama and the Sierras

And yet, so dire is the struggle for existence that in this warfare with the soil new soldiers were ever ready to take the places of those who fell. And the *plasmodium malariae*, from its lair in the slimy ooze of the swamps, sang songs of praise and thanksgiving for its never-ending stream of victims. There are several reasons why De Lesseps should have been called the "Great Undertaker."*

Apropos of the Chagres River, the non-expert is likely to wonder why the engineers of the canal did not utilize it in the construction of the great waterway. Cogent scientific arguments and difficulties innumerable have been offered in explanation—but I am puzzled just the same. Would it have so far simplified the problem as to lessen opportunities for fleecing the lambs? I do not know what all the technical obstacles in the way of the construction of the canal may be, but I do not believe there are many that American engineers could not speedily overcome. Such little progress as had been made has been through emergency consultations with American engineers. One thing is evident to me, and that is, that unless

*To those who are desirous of knowing the facts and figures of the obstacles encountered in the construction of the Panama canal, I would recommend the perusal of "Five Years at Panama," by Dr. Wolford Nelson.

Slipshod Engineering

American capital and American engineering skill are applied to its construction the Panama Canal will never be more than it is now—a disagreeable memory in the minds of the surviving stockholders and a bad taste in the mouth of the French nation.

While the great engineering achievements De Lesseps had previously accomplished—notably the building of the Suez Canal—entitle him to our charity in considering the fiasco at Panama, certain facts suggest that he was at least in touch with the peculiar financiering of a scheme which almost eclipsed the South Sea Bubble. De Lesseps' experience in building the Suez Canal seemed to be ignored by him in his financial estimates and engineering methods at Panama. Take, for example, the matter of rainfall. The rainfall at Panama is to that of Suez as is 128 to 9. The Panama railroad has been twenty feet under water at times during the rainy season. Was not this a very important point for consideration in making estimates? One would think it had been forgotten. Was not the experience of the railroad builders suggestive of what might be expected in building the canal? It took five years to build the 47 miles of road, the first 23 miles occupying two years. And the builders were in a hurry, too, for the travel across the

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isthmus to California was then enormous. At one point a forty foot cut was made, which filled up with the first rainstorm. The road-bed was then made on top of the greasy soil and rock that had slipped into the cut. The total cost of the road was \$8,000,000.

To illustrate the slipshod methods of surveying and making estimates, the following is pertinent: A swamp of considerable size was surveyed and contracts let for building the canal through it. When the work was started, however, it was found that below the fourteen feet of swamp ooze and slime was an undeterminable thickness of solid rock. It was such blind (?) calculations as this that lent a somewhat dusky hue to De Lesseps' reputation. Surely he was not a fool, and, if not a fool, in what category should we place him? De Lesseps set no less than twelve dates for the formal opening of the canal—the opening that never came. This amused the poor devils of stockholders and loosened their grip on their hard-earned francs.

Can it be possible that the promoters of the canal did not know the deadly effects of the Panama climate and water? The fearful mortality among the laborers is well illustrated by the fate of a gang of 800 Coolies imported to work on the canal. Within a few months 600 had either died

The Luxury of Office

of fever or committed suicide. Some of the poor devils would actually go to the beach at Panama at low tide and sit down in the mud and rocks, there to await the rising of the tide. And there they would stolidly sit till the rising waters engulfed them! Anything was better than a hell upon earth. The few survivors were finally shipped to Costa Rica.

A few hundred workmen are shoveling, scooping and dumping earth, here and there along the canal, principally at Culebra—a pitiful attempt to back up the forlorn hope that some foreign power will buy the present company out. The work must not stop, else the Colombian government will seize, not only the canal, but the railroad, which is an integral part of the original canal scheme. But, is the game worth the candle? I doubt it. A great waterway from the Atlantic to the Pacific there will yet be, and it will be an American national enterprise, but—'twill not in my opinion be located at Panama.

Nelson records some reckless and extravagant expenditures on the part of the Panama canal men that beat Boss Tweed at his own game.* One "Director General" lived in a house costing \$100,-

*W. Nelson, *op. cit.*

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ooo. His salary was \$50,000 per year. He had a private Pullman car costing \$42,000 and was allowed \$50 per day for expenses. Blush, all ye drummers! Later, he had a summer residence built at a cost of \$150,000. One canal boss built a pigeon house for which the company paid \$1,500. Another built a bathhouse costing the company \$40,000. The Canal Company claimed to have \$30,000,000 worth of machinery on the isthmus. Nelson stated twenty years ago that most of it lay rotting in the rain and mud. It wasn't worth taking away for old junk when he saw it, hence I cannot be accused of exaggeration in my own statements regarding the waste of material.

But the scenery along the railroad is so beautiful as to compensate somewhat for the disappointment experienced in viewing the canal. I presume, however, that its beauties would appeal more strongly to the layman than to a physician in search of rest and health. Artistic I am by instinct, and somewhat by education, but, gazing at the beautiful landscape through the haze of a tropic morning, I could not help thinking of the deadly miasma of the vine-tangled swamps and lowlands that intermingle with the green hills and smiling uplands of the isthmus. The railroad cost thousands of lives. The white man who did not succumb to fever

The City of Panama

within six weeks was a phenomenon; the Mongolian succumbed still more quickly. The *plasmodium malariae* is not fair to gaze upon; he is no respecter of persons; he is vicious; he is almost incoercible and, by the same token, he is deucedly inartistic as to both predilection and the effects of his handiwork. An engorged liver, an enlarged spleen or a chill and a sweat—an awfully unesthetic lot to select from. Panama is the grave of the Caucasian. During the period of activity on the canal, ready-made graves and second-hand coffins were constantly to be seen in the Panama cemetery—waiting for the next batch of fever victims.



Bizarre, picturesque, romantic, dingy, dirty, beautiful, sultry, feverish old Panama! How strange it seems that such a quaint, old-world city is so near us—in miles if not in accessibility. It was very hot in Panama—it is always hot when I am there. And yet, the heat, though oppressive, was made endurable by the uncharitable thought that my friends in Chicago were in all probability just then enjoying some of that delightful February weather which only our lake region affords, perchance even luxuriating in a blizzard. They

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were not sweating, I'll be bound. Oh, no—they were wondering whether an extra suit of flannels wouldn't be the proper thing. Abhor the heat? Not at all. On the contrary, I reveled in it.

Despite its narrow, roughly-paved streets, Panama is one of the most interesting places conceivable. Its quaint architecture is alone enough to please the fancy of the artist, but, enlivened as it is by the coloring for which the Latin Americans have such a decided *penchant*, the effect at first sight is as beautiful as it is striking. The external tints of the buildings run through varying shades of red, yellow, pink, gray and brown. Terra-cotta and pink are the prevailing shades. We of the north would consider such vivid coloring rather *outré* I fear, but, somehow, it seems here not only natural, but very pleasing to the eye. It is probable that the toning down and softening of the colors by age has much to do with the general effect. Many of the buildings are centenarians several times over. Their walls are time-stained and in not a few instances quite decrepit. And the beauty of the varying hues imparted to the one-time brilliantly tinted walls bears indisputable evidence that the long-gone architects builded wiser than they knew. Age brings ugliness alone to



THE SEA WALL—PANAMA.

Isthmian Iconoclasm

structures of a modern type. Time, and change, and weather have but added new features of beauty and picturesqueness to these relics of generations past. How I wish that my camera might have reproduced the coloring of the scenes at Panama. And the same regret applies to the scenes of my entire trip, especially to those of the Central American and Mexican coasts.

How little that is pleasant has been said of the Isthmus of Panama. Most of the uncomplimentary descriptions that have been written of it have emanated from the inner consciousness of inartistic travelers. Over that same inner consciousness has oftentimes hung the depressing, pall-like influence of the sultry climate—the traveler having seen the isthmus during an unfavorable season, and, perchance, under the sombre shadow of malaria, with its attendant torpid liver and bilious view of things. One female writer descants on the reports she has heard of Panama, as follows:

“‘Panama,’ echoed one gentleman, ‘a hell upon earth! A sink of yellow fever, of intermittent fever, of ague, of dirt, of fiery, burning heat!’ ‘Panama!’ cried another, with a derisive laugh, ‘I give you joy of it. Thermometer ranges from 96 to 100 in the shade. If you live six months, thank your stars.’ ‘Well,’ a third gentleman observes de-

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cidedly, 'I've never lived there myself, thank God, but I've crossed the isthmus, and I've been three days in the dirty town of Panama. The air of the isthmus laid me prostrate with fever and the bells sent me raving mad while I lay sick—that's all I know of Panama.'

" 'Ye little ken, leddy,' says Sandy Partar, in his counsel to Alice Graeme, 'what it is to crass the says, and what a sair land it is ayont 'em. No'but it's pretty to look on, wi' its heaven o' blue an' its gran', fragrant forests, an' bonnie birds an' clear waters. But its' what aul Tam wad ha' called a painted sepulker, fair 'ithout, but 'ithin fu' o' corruption. What wi' favers, an' buccaneers, an' sarpints, an' Spaniards an' 'ither reptiles, its nae place for Christian mon, muckle mair young leddies.' "

This same writer, iconoclast that she is, would fain leave no redeeming feature to poor old Panama. Quoth she: "And what about Panama hats? Alas, for the illusions of commerce! There are really no Panama hats. They are made chiefly in the neighboring republics of Ecuador and Peru, though some are manufactured in the interior of New Granada, but all are merely shipped from Panama."

It seems that Guayaquil is the great central depot for Panama hats, the peculiar pita grass of which



A CORNER OF THE CATHEDRAL PLAZA — PANAMA.

A Costly Wall

they are constructed being found most abundantly in the neighboring province of Christobal. It is also found on the Archipelago del Rey, forty miles south of Panama. This grass must be braided at night or early morning, as the heat of the sun makes it very brittle and renders working it impracticable. It requires three months for a native to make a really fine hat. Some of the hats thus constructed are almost as fine in texture as a superior grade of linen, and sell for upward of fifty dollars, even at Guayaquil. When the pita grass is properly prepared it may, in an emergency, even be used for surgical sutures.

Modern Panama was founded in 1673. Over the entrance of San Felipe Neri church, the most ancient ecclesiastic structure in the town, may be seen the date, 1688. Time was when it was one of the most important ports of the Spanish main. Being a storehouse for vast Spanish treasures, it was made a strong, walled city, with moat, gate and drawbridge. The old-time Spaniards built well, as remnants of their early masonry show. Although built largely by slave labor, the walls of Panama cost \$11,000,000. Nelson relates a story of a Spanish king who went down to the coast of old Spain and tried to see Panama. Quoth

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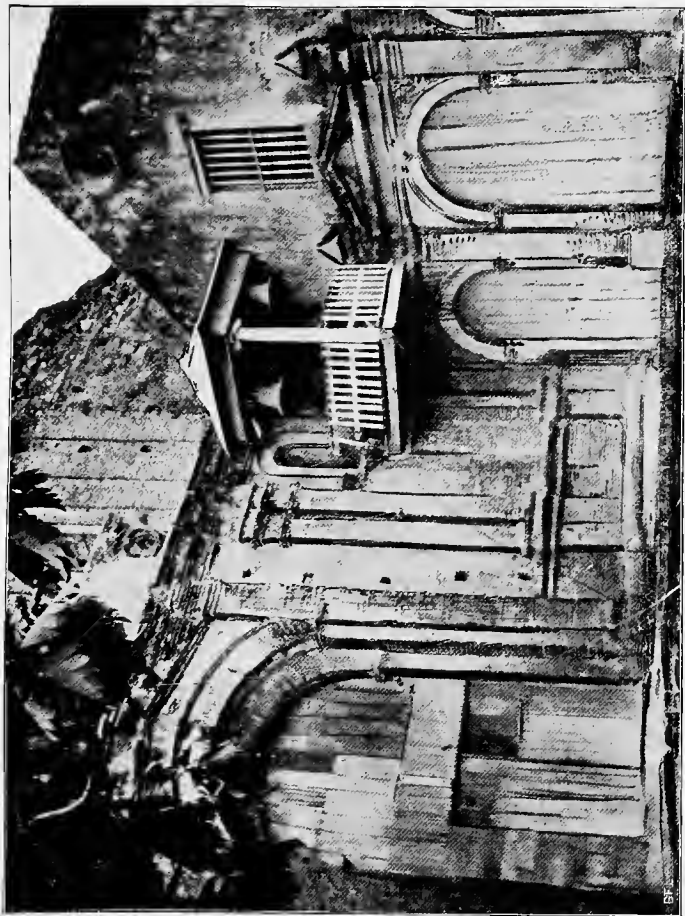
he, "I thought from the cost of the walls, that they would be high enough to be seen from here."*

Twenty years ago Panama had a population of fifteen thousand, five-sixths negroes, Spaniards, Indians, mulattoes, half-breeds and Chinese. The same population is claimed at the present day. My own casual estimate is not much more than half that number.

The exportation of India rubber is one of the important features of Panama's commerce, though not so much is exported as in former years.

Time was, evidently, when Panama was a very pious community, as is becoming a good old Catholic town. Much of the energy and wealth of the place in its early history was expended, apparently, in the construction of churches and cathedrals—for which this particular camera fiend renders grateful thanks. One old, tumble-down, abandoned church—St. Dominic—stands as a monument of which the spirits of its builders of nearly two centuries ago need not be ashamed. Services were not always held within its walls. In an angle between the walls is a belfry of a practical kind, for here, beneath those time-stained bells, the priests

*"Five Years at Panama."



ST. DOMINIC AND ITS VENERABLE BELLS.

Pious Panama

were wont to stand, teaching and exhorting their flocks. What eloquent tales of by-gone days the now listless tongues of those silent, venerable bells might tell! What tales of the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows and the manifold passions of dark-skinned generations past and gone—tales tinged with that ardor which springs only from the hot blood of the Latin races, and especially from that of the tropic Latin-American. And those ancient bells are not abashed; they stand out in bold relief, facing the public street as though waiting the touch of the vanished reverent hands that evoked such sweet music in the long ago.

Some of the newer and more pretentious buildings, notably the churches, are very beautiful and picturesque. Like the older structures they partake of that somewhat Moorish style and ardent coloring so characteristic of Spanish-American countries. Much as I admire the older types, justice must be done to the new. Once again, would that I could reproduce those wonderful colors.

The large number of imposing churches in Panama seems to have but little influence on the morals of the inhabitants—from sixty to seventy per cent of the births are illegitimate. This, of course, is not so bad in its ultimate results as it seems, for the infant mortality is something awful.

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Landscape gardening could hardly be said to be a fad in Panama, but that the people are not insensible to those beauties of nature to which the climate is so favorable is evident. The *plaza de la catedral*, for example, shows a bewildering profusion of palms and other tropic plants intermingled with beautiful flowers. I stood for some time at a corner of the plaza admiring its beauties. That my admiration was justifiable is well shown by the picture I took.

On the *plaza de la catedral* stands the cathedral of Panama. It is of the finest Moorish type, with rather stately towers. It is built of yellow stone. The towers are covered with cement and studded with shells of the pearl oyster, giving a striking effect.

Surrounding the cathedral is an inclosure of some size in which there is a profusion of palms and trees of great beauty. Fairest of all is the "Spanish bayonet," with its cruel-edged leaves and large, beautiful spikes of yellowish-white flowers.





CATHEDRAL—PANAMA.

Panama Divinities

There is no great difficulty in getting along in Spanish-American countries. All one has to do is to learn the language, and that is easy. I took a twenty minute, "teach you Spanish while you wait" course from one of the sailors on the way down to Colon, and the thing was done. To be sure, I really mastered only two words, but these sufficed. I was wont to call the men, *amigo*, and the women folks, *bonita*, on all occasions demanding converse. Confidentially, I always wondered where my "*amigo*" carried his dirk, but as I neither desired nor affected any degree of intimacy with my dark-skinned and somewhat truculent friends, I managed to preserve that international amity which pervades the relations of our blessed country with all other nations. It was somewhat irritating, of course, to be jeered at and ridiculed as a "Gringo" by half-grown lads and an occasional ribald grown-up, but, inasmuch as nobody on earth but a Spanish-American knows just what the epithet implies, I maintained my equanimity. Precisely on what grounds a grimy-looking sombreroed Mexican greaser, enveloped in a bright red serape, with huge spurs jingling at his heels, considers himself superior to an American citizen would be difficult to conjecture. He none the less regards the latter with contempt, and often with open derision. I

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should have liked to recommend to some of those Caballeros, the careful study of a little affair that once occurred between the United States and Mexico, but I never irritate sensitive people—especially those who carry knives and things.

But about the ladies of Central America:

I had heard much of the wondrous beauty of the fair sex in that far-away clime, and was prepared to be as much edified as a well-behaved and respectable middle-aged doctor could be, and still preserve his dignity and moral equipose. "*Bonita*," the beautiful, eh? Well, if ever a man equivocated, I did, when addressing those accentuated brunettes. Black and brilliant as to eyes they are, it is true, but black eyes alone can not redeem a greasy, unwholesome-looking skin, an uncleanly appearance and sloppy figure, over all of which hangs the by no means ambiguous savor of garlic. "*Bonita!*" Wow, wow! I wot not.

Apropos of the language, an American dollar goes a long way in making one's self understood down yonder. The American eagle on that same dollar has a sweet persuasive way with him that quite captivates the hearts of our Spanish-American friends. And they are full of wiles, and fertile in resources for capturing our dollar—or such fractional parts thereof as may chance to come

Cheap Money

their way. I would suggest to the traveler who is unfamiliar with their ways, the advisability of loading up with some of their own Colombian silver-tin before transacting any business in Panama. The ways of its tradesmen in the matter of exchange are devious and tricky, if their method of computation in figuring out the rate of exchange is to be taken in evidence. At the just and regular rate of exchange there is some satisfaction in trading with them, although few of them fail to add an extra tariff for the Gringo, who does not come that way often. Despite the tourist prices the souvenir hunter will be surprised at the cheapness of most things. Still, things are not cheap enough to redeem the still cheaper Colombian money. After one has filled his pockets with tinny coin at the rate of five for two, a few times, he is quite likely to question the arguments of the free silverites, and, after having had considerable trouble in getting rid of any surplus Colombian coin he may have left on hand on leaving the country, he is apt to raise his hat in reverence and esteem for our own currency as he thinks of the difficulty he has in holding on to his own blissful dollars. My friends of the free silver party, don't argue further with me until I have forgotten my experiences in Spanish America. Your doctrines may be sound,

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but—well, I suppose I am prejudiced, just the least bit. Who wouldn't be?

I had always supposed that people in the tropics incline to vegetarianism as a matter of self-preservation. I do not know how the masses live in Panama, but if the menus of the hotels are a fair criterion, they are not vegetarians by a long way. Meat, meat, meat!—course after course of meat of varying kind and method of preparation. Being a vegetarian for the nonce, my stay at Panama partook of the nature of fast days. The water being under suspicion, and I being a tee-totaller—likewise for the nonce—my lot was a most unhappy one.



It is pretty generally known that Panama is not an ideal health resort. Indeed, my own advice to others in search of health or recreation is to either avoid the place altogether or make pretty close steamer connections. I am pleased with my experience, and my various trips across the isthmus will always be a source of great satisfaction to me, but, of a truth, I would not again visit Panama save under the pressure of necessity. If one goes, however, there is no time like February.

Unhealthfulness of Panama

The unsanitary condition of the city of Panama is not surprising. Much of the surrounding country is swampy, and the city itself is characterized by streets the picturesqueness of which cannot conceal the fact that they are deplorably narrow and stuffy. The houses are dark, badly ventilated, and, being built largely of adobe, would seem to be poorly adapted to so tropic a climate. The water is said to be bad, but, it is claimed, this has very little bearing upon the health of the community. It certainly has no important status as a beverage, for the inevitable red wine is the universal drink, even among the very poor. The prevalent abhorrence of the external use of water probably has something to do with the general unhealthfulness of the place. That particular application of hydric oxide is apparently not a source of unrest among its population. Bathing for cleanliness' sake is an unknown quantity among the common people.

Whatever the cause, yellow fever and severe types of paludal fever are ever present in Panama, and it behooves the traveler to pass through the place as quickly as is compatible with the accomplishment of the object of his visit. As the maximum of danger is during the rainy season, it is well to defer visiting the isthmus until later.

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Speaking of the houses in Panama reminds me of a very interesting feature of Spanish-American dwellings in general. No matter how stuffy the house may be, there is always an inner court, corresponding to an American backyard, in which the family passes much of its time. Although enclosed by high walls, perhaps by the walls of adjoining buildings, this court is still a breathing space, and as cool as may be in so sultry a clime. Adorned with palms, flowers and vines, the effect as seen through the open street doors is most pleasing. The enclosure might appropriately be termed an apartment or conservatory without a roof. To me, this court seemed the most important feature of the houses. Small wonder is it that the inhabitants are most often to be found lolling about in their own backyards. Business is seemingly a secondary consideration. *Manana*—to-morrow—is the watchword, life being divided between the mid-day siesta and the court of palms.

The pearl fisheries of Panama were once famous, but, owing to the reckless way in which the natives tore up the oysters, are not very productive. Very large pearls have been taken at the pearl islands of the Panama Gulf. It is interesting to note that pearls are formed by grains of sand



A SPANISH-AMERICAN INTERIOR.

Panama from the Bay

getting within the oyster shell and producing irritation, with resulting lime deposit about the foreign body.

The bay of Panama is very beautiful, albeit a trifle impractical. It is so shallow, and the rise and fall of the tide is so great, that ships cannot find safe anchorage for several miles from shore. The offing lies among a group of small, mountainous islands in the most picturesque spot imaginable. The sea is here ever smooth, and of a blue-gray hue that is an excellent foil for those verdant, emerald-hued isles that stud the bay like veritable gems of the sea. Upon one of these islands, owned by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, is a pure, sweet-watered spring from which the company's steamers are supplied.

At the time of one of my former visits to Panama, a great strike of the dock hands and freight handlers was in progress. Not a steamer had left port for several weeks, hence much shipping had accumulated in the harbor. Fume and fret as the captains and owners might, the dignity of the dollar a day kings was sturdily upheld, until great loss on the one side and empty stomachs on the other compelled a settlement. Meanwhile, the idle ships in the harbor presented

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a picture fair to see—of which I have a pleasant memory, but, alas! no photograph. Those wretched, wretched films!

As seen from the deck of the little steamer that conveys the traveler to her big sister ship away out in the offing, the city of Panama is a sight long to be remembered. The odd buildings with their beautiful coloring, and, above all, the sea wall with its lights and shades, its reds and browns and, here and there, the bright green patches of grass, demand a more artistic pen than mine to do them justice. Ah, that beautiful sea wall! But, most beautiful of all was Old Glory, floating joyously in the breeze over the American consulate. As I looked upon that flag I recalled Mark Twain's description of the beautiful stranger ship in *Innocents Abroad*. Any old town, and any old ship, is beautiful where that flag flies. And, by the way, it means just a little more than it used to when seen in foreign lands, doesn't it? It seems to me that every American flag I see in alien ports nowadays has upon it the endorsement of Dewey, and Sampson, and Schley, and a few other celebrities of recent vintage. Such endorsements make the flag good collateral. There was a time when the English Jack shone more resplendently, and demanded

A Sea Wanderer .

more profound obeisance than did the Stars and Stripes, wasn't there? It used to seem that way to me, anyway. How times have changed since we gave Spain enough Manilla to hang herself with. Oh, my!



Avaunt, ye regular lines of steamships! Give me an old tramp, a "Wandering Willie" of the ocean, that goeth where it pleaseth the captain, and cometh as it pleaseth the elements. Give me a ship that starteth according to no man's watch and arriveth as only the heart of him who loveth the sea could desire. Such an one was the Carpallo. Seedy as to paint, sooty as to sails, grimy as to sailors, and with engines that coughed and strangled like an old crone with chronic bronchitis, that ancient vessel is yet near and dear to my heart. Shaky old Carpallo—'twill not be long ere thine ancient bones lie bleaching on the sands of Half-moon bay. Full oft hast thou rounded the classic protuberance of Pigeon's point, but thou art too senile to withstand the elements much longer. And when thou hast fulfilled thy destiny, I know that the last living thing to be seen will be

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thy doughty captain, standing on the bridge, trumpet in hand, waving his weedy red whiskers defiantly at the howling storm, and swearing at his drowning crew in seven languages.

And why should not good old Captain McGregor swear? He is braw, he is a canny Scot, and his crew—great guns, what a crew! Of all the conglomerations of nationalities ever brought together, that crew was the worst. Russians, Japs, Malays, Greeks, Irish, Central-Americans, Negroes and white Americans, jumbled together with but one bond of union—a common knowledge of Spanish—and but one feature of homogeneity—an all-pervading tarry smell. Taken all in all, that crew would have put any ordinary band of ancient corsairs to the blush. Piercing as to eyes, frowning as to brows, cruel-visaged, swarthy-skinned, and black-moustached—some of the lascars among them had a mien suggestive of midnight attacks, of cut-throats and poor devils of sailors walking the plank. But the crew was really a harmless lot. As the burly first officer expressed it, they were “not so bad, after all.” To be sure, the officers had to go down in the “foc’sle” with their six-shooters occasionally, to quell an incipient riot, but, aside from an occasional playful stab in some luckless sailor’s anatomy there was usually no

Sea Surgery

harm done. One man was pointed out to me as having been rather worsted in an encounter with one of his mates. The latter had secured a machete while in port, and, coming up behind his luckless co-worker, tried to chop him in two. The blow landed upon his left shoulder blade, cutting through that bone and the superimposed muscles down, down through the ribs to the lung, exposing that important organ over a considerable area. The ship's doctor was not at hand at the time, and consequently the surgery of the case was somewhat crude. The patient's arms were trussed back by his brother sailors and the wound kept covered with a cloth wet with sea water. Strange to say, healing was prompt and the unfortunate sailor was soon on his pins again. Sea air is a great surgeon, and sea water not a bad antiseptic adjuvant, apparently.



How very similar are men of the sea. Like the first officer of the *Petrel*, the rough-and-ready first officer of the *Carpallo* was a great story-teller. So original, too. One of his stories edified me to a degree: Quoth he—

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"Say, mister, did y'ever hear about th' boy who'd been ter sea for a few years, an' went home, an' was tellin' his poor old mother sich a lot o' tough yarns?"

When the jolly tar began his tale I was gazing pensively over the rail, counting the big turtles that were placidly floating past, hence failed to recognize my old Atlantic friend. But I was soon aroused by—

"Say, mother," says he, "down in the West Indies where I was one time, I saw some big mountains of brown sugar and a lot o' rivers a' windin' 'round among 'em that was full o' the best Jamaiky rum you ever—"

It was too much; I fled to the other end of the ship and sat down for a chat with the chief engineer, a most companionable old fellow, who seemed to have conceived quite a fancy for me. He was taking his evening lay-off on deck and was as sociable as only a man of the sea can be over his pipe. "Ah," I thought, "how much better this is than hearing old chestnuts for the hundredth time."

"By the way," I said. "Why is it that you sailors don't pick up some new stories. Every man who has told me a story on this trip has given me the same old yarn about——"

Another Old Friend

"Oh, well," interrupted the engineer, "that's the way with some folks. Now, I always try ter tell a new yarn or nothin', an', by the way, speakin' o' yarns, here's a brand new one that I picked up last trip. Well, you see, 'twas like this. There was a boy up in 'Frisco that went ter sea, an' was gone about four years. When he got home he was tellin' his poor old mother about——"

"Oh, yes," I said, with a gasp, "about mountains of sugar, and rivers of rum, and anchors, and mermen whose wives go to church, and flying fish and——"

"Well, by the great horn spoon! Where the devil did you hear that?"

"Oh," I replied, "I'm a Buddhist. I have been on earth before, hundreds and hundreds of times. I was at one time an Egyptian, and while in that state I once heard Ptolemy the First whisper that yarn in the patient, long-suffering ear of the listening Sphinx. Oh, yes, it is a great old story."

And in the poor old engineer's perturbed countenance did I find revenge for all that had gone before. But 'twas the last straw, and I went down to visit the monkeys, parrots and things the sailors were taking home to their friends. I hoped to

Panama and the Sierras

get some new stories, which the same was fraught with disappointment, for the monkeys and birds all talked Spanish, and "*amigo*" and "*bonita*" cajoled them not.



Somehow I never grow tired of the sea. There are those who claim that it is monotonous, but, are they not like the man who could not see the woods for the trees? On the blue Pacific, especially, one should never grow weary. There is always something to be seen that is instructive and entertaining, to say nothing of the things that appeal to the esthetic faculties. The varying lights and shades of the water, the flight of the tireless gulls, the multiform and beauteous clouds, the gorgeous sunrises and sunsets, the many-colored seaweed floating by, the ever-changing moon, the scurry of the flying fish—these alone are enough. And what entertainment the fauna of the Pacific affords. Gulls and petrels in infinite variety, flying fish, porpoises, whales, black fish, turtles that would make an epicure's mouth water and drive a French *chef* crazy, and snakes! Don't ever tell me that there are no

Sea Snakes and Things

such things as sea serpents. I've seen 'em—and, confound your sarcasm, I hadn't been drinking, either! Striped in black and yellow, zebra-wise, and as "squirmy" as any of their brethren of the land, these reptiles wriggled about upon or near the surface of the water by hundreds. We ran into their snakeships somewhere off the coast of Guatemala. They swam about us in abundance for a day or two and then disappeared.

Now and again, while in harbor, a huge shark would swim lazily about the ship, looking for trouble and provender. In some of the ports numbers of big red-snappers could be seen swimming about in the clear water. Wary fellows they were, too. They turned their noses up contemptuously at lines and hooks, no matter how cleverly they were baited. I tried to harpoon some of them, but my knowledge of the gentle art of spearing fish would not make a large book, and I only succeeded in losing the respect of the sailors—who had probably learned discretion in "harpoonage" by experience. So far as I can recollect, there was but one fish caught on the entire trip. One of the sailors captured a twenty-pounder. Did the scaly prize find his way to our table? Not much. Down into the foc'sle he went, and there he staid until

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the fortunate man and his nearest friends had reduced him to his primitive osteologic elements. My, how my mouth watered for one of those golden-red beauties!

The sailors just missed capturing a huge shark one evening. A ten-footer got on the hook, and a great fight he made of it. Everybody rushed forward to be in at the death. The water was very phosphorescent at the time, and the great, ugly fish, in his struggles, beat the water into flames and fountains of fire. The sailors had him almost within reach, when, presto change! the line broke and then—well, in the archives of my memory is registered a long, swiftly-moving phosphorescent streak that marked the exit of that wonderful “fish that got away.”

Apropos of sharks, I took occasion while in the tropics to make inquiry as to their voraciousness in attacking man. Much to the discredit of the “man-eater” of the yellow-covered literature of my boyhood’s credulous days, I found that most of the people who profess to know all about the shark and his habits, claim that he rarely attacks man. Indeed, many of those who should be good authority assert that the shark never attacks living man, although, like the buzzard of the sea that he is, he

The Buzzard of the Sea

is in no wise averse to devouring dead ones. In the bay of Panama, which is thickly infested with sharks, I saw not only natives fearlessly diving for coin, but white men swimming about with all the *sang froid* imaginable.

I had almost arrived at the point where I would have been willing to go in swimming when—I again changed my mind regarding sharks. I ran across a native boatman in Acapulco, one of whose friends and comrades was then lying in the hospital with an amputated leg for which a shark was responsible. The poor fellow was diving for clams, when Mr. Shark came along, and, being not at all prejudiced against a brunette diet, proceeded to lunch off the native's leg. The man was rescued, but not till the member was so badly lacerated that amputation was necessary to save his life. Having verified the story by other and reliable witnesses, I crystallized the question of man-eating sharks as follows:

"Do sharks bite?"

"They do."

"How often?"

"Oh, just often enough to keep me from bathing in tropic harbors."

Way down in Florida, once on a time, I was frightened by a shark while bathing. One of the

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"oldest inhabitants" tried to make me believe 'twas a porpoise, but as he was "plugging" for that particular beach, I knew better. He then proceeded to calm my fears by assuring me that "sharks never bite in less'n ten foot o' water." And so, my nervous friends, who fain would bathe on beaches which sharks do muchly frequent, be ye consoled and unafraid. Should a leg be bitten off while in the salt, salt sea, be calm, and measure the depth of the water. An' it chance to be "less'n ten foot," 'twas not a shark, and therefore complain not. I fain would remark, in passing, that this rule is not covered by copyright. The world is welcome to it.

For some reason, to me unknown, sharks are not so much in evidence in the Central American and Mexican harbors as they were on my first trip, many years ago. Their scarcity on my last trip could hardly have been a coincidence, for the same was true of my second visit, a year before. Time was when they were very thick in those waters. Whether they have been gradually leaving for less frequented and more congenial spots I cannot say. Still, scavengers as they are, one would expect them to find the more populous places better feeding grounds than wilder spots. Their disappearance could hardly have been due to

An Ocean Gymnast

their having been hunted, for they are neither useful nor ornamental, and the native attitude toward them is one of supreme indifference.



It is interesting to watch the antics of the pilot fish, who so often dance attendance on the shark. The mackerel-like little fellows may be seen playing about in the water as though out for a frolic. A piece of meat is thrown overboard, when, presto change, they become very business-like. They examine the meat critically and then suddenly disappear. Presently they return, accompanied by a huge shark. Mr. Shark coolly devours the spoils while the pilot fish hover about waiting for crumbs.



What is more graceful or prettier than the antics of a school of porpoises, playing about the bows of a ship? The expression "fat as a porpoise," is a vilification of the wonderful creatures. Plump, sleek and round, they may be—they are yet so swift as to shame the fastest vessel. How like lightning they dart recklessly athwart the bows as

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if defying the ship to strike them. And with what nonchalance they dart away, falling far astern, or diverging widely from the ship's course, only to overtake the vessel again without apparent effort! Suddenly, without known reason save their erratic playfulness, they disappear and not one is to be seen, perhaps for hours and hours, then they can be seen by the dozen on all sides, leaping and darting through the water, always headed toward the bow of the vessel. High up out of the sea they leap, as if vying with each other in porpoise athletics, the sun shining upon their sleek sides, and the vapor jetting up from their blow-holes like the spouting of so many miniature whales. And how they puff—"like porpoises"—as they spurn and churn the water with their powerful double-paddled tails. When, at night, the water is phosphorescent, a school of porpoises may often be seen careering about the bows with fiery scintillations, like so many rockets. Ghostly shapes they seem as they dart to and fro, leaving a silvery, showery trail that marks their course for many yards. On such nights the porpoise might be called, not ineptly, "the comet of the seas." And the porpoise is so sociable, too. He should really be named the "diplo-porpoise," for he travels two and two. He may travel two-four-six, but he evi-

A "Scrapper" of the Sea

dently avoids odd numbers, at least the odd porpoise is a rarity. If there is anything happier, jollier, or more agile than a school of porpoises on mischief bent, I have not yet seen it.



We have been led to believe that, without the modern newspaper and its "scrap talk" pugilism would be a lost art. This is not true. We had no newspaper on board to recount the wordy and other battles of the fighters, yet marine champions were greatly in evidence. When a thrasher starts out for championship honors and chances to meet with a huge whale, the casual observer is apt to conclude that marine pugilism is a very earnest affair. The thrasher himself is really a small member of the whale family, but what he lacks in size he makes up in ferocity. He is only a middle-weight, at best, but so belligerent is he that he is willing, aye, even anxious, to go out of his class and concede weight. His big relative is his special antipathy, and he will go far out of his way to make life miserable for him. The resulting combat reminds me of a fight between a kingbird and a hawk. The blubbery leviathan of the seas is

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too clumsy for his smaller antagonist, and busies himself largely in efforts to escape, meanwhile doing the best he can to land a "knock-out" with his huge tail upon his foe's anatomy, in which effort he signally fails. On the other hand, Mr. Thrasher, with his nimbler and quicker tail-strokes, slaps away at the big fellow until one wishes that a referee were at hand to stop the one-sided rumpus.

I have never seen the end of one of these sea fights, but, I presume, the thrasher keeps up the battle until he is tired of the fun or has drowned his gigantic foe. The thrasher is by no means a fair fighter. When he especially wishes to make a finish fight with a whale, he hires a sword-fish to help him, and then 'tis "all day" with the poor leviathan—he is hammered and thrashed, and strangled and punctured, until he is only too glad to give up the fight—and the ghost.

Whales become very numerous along the Pacific coast as the more northern and colder waters are reached. After passing Cape San Lucas, especially, they become very abundant. They do not average very large in these waters, however, although huge fellows are occasionally to be seen, spouting away as if they were employed to furnish

A Burial at Sea

sea-fountains at so much per day. From these big "right whales" the size scales down to that of those lesser sea mammals which are minimized under the misnomer, "black-fish."



It devolved upon a poor unfortunate fellow in the steerage of our ship to demonstrate conclusively the dangers of tarrying at Panama. This man had taken passage on a ship upon the Atlantic side, which failed to connect at the city of Panama with any of the regular line steamers. After a few days' delay he secured passage on our ship. It seems that during his stay in Panama the unlucky man stopped with a family in the poorer quarter of the city. For some reason he could not drink other fluids, and especially the universal beverage, wine, and was compelled to drink the notoriously bad water, which, in his ignorance, was taken un-boiled. Whether infected water or germ-laden air was responsible for his illness will never be known, but he was brought aboard the vessel ill and was put to bed, never to rise again. Why he was permitted to take passage would be difficult to conjecture, for not only the lives of the passengers

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and crew, but also—what was doubtless more important in the eyes of the owners—the commercial interests of the vessel were put in hazard. But, be that as it may, the person most vitally interested will never offer an explanation. He died one afternoon while we lay in the port of San José de Guatemala.

I did not see the case, nor was I even supposed to be a physician, hence it may be presumptuous in me to venture an opinion, but, from the variety of mysterious and inconsistent diagnoses offered by the ship's doctor, the speedy termination of the case, the amount of carbolic acid with which the corpse was inundated, the unseemly haste of the burial, and the naïve statement of the doctor in charge that his patient would have gotten well "only his kidneys struck work and he died of uremia," I drew certain inferences which hardly demanded the corroboration afforded by the comment of one of the dead man's steerage companions, that "he was awful jandiced 'fore he died." But then, after all, Yellow Jack is a nasty thing to appear on a ship's record, and quarantine is so tedious and expensive that I was glad to land at my destination without bother. Again, I don't mind all the yellow fever germs in Central

A Burial at Sea

America—here in my Chicago home. The *bacillus icteroides* has no terrors for me, now that I am on dry land amid our lake breezes.

My calling should have made me callous to such experiences, for the physician usually comes to look upon death as being quite as natural as life, and, therefore, not a thing to be abhorred, but, somehow, this was different. I had witnessed a burial at sea before—when a lad—but the responsibilities of life sat lightly upon me then, and I was more entertained by the novelty of the affair than stirred to my inmost depths by its gravity. But, in the mature and full realization of all that unfortunate death and far-away burial meant to the family and friends of the dead man, who, in the full bloom of health and rugged manhood, had left them only three short weeks before, I could not but be profoundly moved. Were he pauper or millionaire, 'twould have been the same—overboard he would have gone. The wise native authorities of San José would not permit a land interment, hence burial at sea was imperative.



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The dusk of the tropic evening was just beginning to settle upon the hills of the Guatemalan coast as we weighed anchor and stood out to sea. The moon was rising like a great orange-red ball, when, at the imperative behest of the signal bell, the engines slowed up and finally became still. Very few of the passengers and crew knew of the death and contemplated funeral. With bared heads these few stood silently and reverently around the canvas-wrapped body while the captain read the brief and solemn words of the sea burial service. The long, ghastly canvas coverings, with the weight of clumsy furnace-iron at the foot—for we had no shot—lost all their obtrusive hideousness under the folds of our glorious Stars and Stripes. The body, feet foremost, lay upon a platform extending out over the fore'sle rail, so that only a slight inclination was necessary to precipitate it into the sea. Just as the captain finished the beautiful service for the dead, the moon, now well up in the heavens, emerged from behind a bank of fleece-like clouds, illumining the final scene with a flood of dazzling tropic beams. "Let go!" commanded the captain, tersely, as he removed the flag. The platform was tilted over the rail, and "swish!" with a noise like a rocket in beginning flight, down, down went the body into the calm,

A Gruesome Probability

waveless sea. The foot weight was hardly sufficient, or, perchance, the incline was tipped too much, and the body lurched forward as it fell, striking the water with a loud splash that gave one creepy chills to hear. The ghostly thing then settled slowly down, and with a gurgling sound as of suction, and a wavy undulating motion, disappeared from sight as might so much offal or the carcass of a dead dog. Why should this be horrible? Well, because the poor fellow was alone and friendless; because his burial away off there in the broad Pacific added to his death an extra sting for the dear ones he left at home, and more especially because the second mate answered, sententiously, when I asked him how deep the water was at the place of burial—

“Well, it’s about two miles er thereabouts ter bottom, but he’ll never git there.”

“Oh,” I said, “the pressure of the water, you think, will bring the body to a standstill. But, you know, that’s disputed.”

“Pressure, h—l!” he replied; “sharks, sir, sharks!”



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"What is so rare as a day in June?" Pick your spot for the June day, my friend, and I'll more than match it with an evening upon the Pacific. Would that I had the brain and pen of a Loti or a Hearn, to depict the exquisite beauty of those tropic nights, so filled with the dreamy, sensuous loveliness of glimmering sea and sky, with that faint suggestion of mist, a dim, almost invisible purplish veil, through which blazed forth the glory of tropic stars. Venus, our star of evening, oft threw a slender, brilliant shaft from the jeweled dome o'er-head to the waveless mirror below. Should the imagination wander, it were not difficult to fancy that silver beam a fitting path by which the souls of shipwrecked mariners, supposed to be incarnate in the bodies of roving sea gulls by day, might ascend to rest at night.

It is by no means strange that the novelist so often has recourse to the sea for his love episodes. The quality of the human material from which he manufactures them does not matter much, I fancy. The enchantment wrought by the romantic beauty of a summer night on a southern sea is all-sufficient. The occasion is so propitious and the stage setting so complete that all the author has to do is to throw a couple of human beings of different

White Nights

sexes upon the boards and the deed is done. I suspect that even a novelist of mean ability would not find it difficult to construct a tender romance with a couple of mannikins and the assistance of a tropic night at sea. Even the pale, dead moon is thawed and warmed to glowing fiery life, as it emerges from a horizon fanned by breezes of Elysian mildness. The most prosaic nature must needs be inspired by flights of poetic fancy. To me, as I lolled back in my steamer chair and puffed my lonely cigar—which seemed so commonplace—the beauty of those nights had no alloy save its evanescence. Slow as our good ship was, we were leaving the tropics behind all too swiftly. The gulf of space between me and the work-a-day world seemed infinite, yet it would soon be passed. Beyond that gulf lay overcoats, and steam heat, and work—and I don't like work.

Oftentimes when the moon was at its full, I was wont to go to the bow and watch the play of the phosphorescence upon the water. This phenomenon is especially fine on the Pacific, off Central America, where it transcends all that I have ever read or seen of it. The waves seemed mingled with lambent fire, which, dazzling white upon their crests, broke into line after line of varying shades of scintillant red, green, lilac and

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blue. As the water was churned up by the ship's bows, the play of beautiful colors spread out and out, fan-wise, for many yards, until they were lost in flickering rosy gleams upon the outermost line of dying waves. Now and again a porpoise leaped out of the sea, the many-colored water dripping from his shining sides, and, plunging back into the depths with a resounding splash, added to the commotion that was so essential to the play of the beautiful, luminous waves. Beneath the water he was a meteor, with a trail of showery sparks; when he leaped out of it, he scattered color about in a prodigal fashion that would have driven an artist out of his wits. And Sir Porpoise is no mean painter himself. His handiwork may be but a reflection of the joy within him, but it is marvelous, just the same. Such fantastic and varying shapes and masses of color! Just as one exclaims, "Ah! that's the prettiest yet," the rainbow-crested wave breaks into a dozen new forms, each more beautiful and fantastic than that which has gone before.



A Beautiful Coastline

A recent writer in one of our monthly magazines, in describing a trip down the Mexican and Central American coast, from San Francisco, stigmatized the scenery as monotonous and uninteresting. Now, it may be that my taste is perverted, or, perchance, it all depends on whether one is headed toward Frisco or away from that interesting town. Possibly our captious critic saw so many beautiful features in the landscape that he experienced a surfeit of them. Or, still more likely, he frequented the wrong side of the boat and grew full sore in that he did not see the shores of the Orient, thousands of miles away. Whatever the explanation may have been, that critic had best dip his pen in ink and throw away his indigo bottle the next time he writes of that wonderful coast.

Seen from the deck of a steamer, the course of which is not too far out at sea, the coast, from Panama clear to Frisco, is one majestic, beautiful panorama. Wonderful mountains, cloud-capped and grim, standing out on the horizon miles away from the coast, yet looking near at hand; a shore line studded with low hills and rocky cliffs, with here and there a stretch of cottony white surf and snowy sands, and, at frequent intervals, the most remarkable land-locked harbors imaginable—are

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these features of monotony? Many of the hills are parti-colored, the varying shades of the scanty vegetation, rocks and soil that cover them being brought out most beautifully by the rays of the blazing sun, whose heat we must needs condone because of the beauty he lends to the scenery. Viewed in the early morning, before the sun has driven away the spectral mists of the tropic night, that coast line is exquisitely beautiful. A bluish haze hangs over all, whilst the billowy white clouds, receiving as they do the first rays of the rising sun—for Old Sol must needs climb up and over those mountains to the eastward, ere he can make himself felt upon the coast—gleam like masses of snow, yet with a translucency suggestive of huge and massive pearls. Monotonous? Where were your eyes, my gentle critic? Are those tall, feathery palms and quaint buildings upon the shore, monotonous? Is there aught of monotony in those gayly-dressed groups of women and children bathing upon that far-away beach? And can you see naught worthy of admiration or interest in those canoes that flock about the ship whilst in harbor, with their loads of quaint and beautiful things to tempt the curiosity of the Gringo and part him from that good American money? And the monkey-like antics of those brown-skinned natives, as

Pacific Harbor Notes

they load the ship with coffee or bullion from the barges—is there nothing picturesque or interesting about them? Why, man, what would you? Did not nature throw in an active volcano there at Acajutla just to amuse you and stir your blood? Monotonous, indeed! Go to, get thee to the Union Stockyards in search of thine ideals of the picturesque.



Punta Arenas, Costa Rica—Corinto, Nicaragua—La Libertad and Acajutla, Salvador—San Jose, Champerico, and Ocos, Guatemala—how far away those towns seem now. It was pleasant to visit them under such favorable circumstances. Our good ship staid in each port just long enough to enable me to study the place and its people to the best advantage.

A description of one Central American harbor is practically a description of all of them, so far as the characteristics of the natives are concerned. Variations in scenery there are, it is true, but to recount these would be an onerous and gratuitous task. That 'twould be a laborious and redundant description will be at once understood when I state

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that our good ship touched at no less than twelve ports on her way up the coast, including several Mexican ports—of which more anon.

Some of the harbors are evidently so-called for courtesy's sake, as they consist of an unbroken shore line, on which there chance to be no reefs, and ships can therefore come within a reasonable distance of the shore without danger. Wherever there is a safe anchorage the place is considered a harbor. In many instances, on the other hand, the harbor consists of a land-locked bay or inlet, surrounded by beautiful mountains. In most of the ports our vessel was detained at least a day, giving me an excellent opportunity for observation.

The principal Central American traffic of our ship was in coffee. We subsequently made a specialty of bullion, at some of the Mexican ports. At the various ports of San Salvador, especially, we took aboard hundreds of bags of coffee. The coffee is brought off in sacks on huge barges, and hoisted aboard the ship by a rope and windlass. As the ground swell of the sea is often considerable, the transportation and unloading is rather slow work at times. Then, too, who ever knew a native Central-American or Mexican to hurry, and, by the rood, they can't hurry, and live.



CENTRAL-AMERICAN COFFEE BARGES.

Resting as an Art

Apropos of the deliberation with which the natives work, however, the infinite capacity of these people for rest is all in their favor. The more active and energetic man from the North goes to work down there and kills himself in a few months. If he doesn't kill himself with work, he does it by worrying about his work or his prospects of getting work. Not so your native. He does his work when he comes to it, not before. If his comrade on the barge is helping to load the rope with sacks of coffee, does he stand around fretting and making suggestions until his own turn comes? Oh, no, he gracefully rolls and lights a cigarette, meanwhile lolling back in a comfortable, restful attitude upon the bags of coffee lying in the bottom of the barge. Every movement, every posture, is characterized by a sinuous grace which announces that his muscles are in a state of comparative rest. Not one bit of energy does he waste. He is a true conservator of energy, likewise a philosopher. Even though he is to have but a few seconds' repose before his turn comes at the rope, he immediately falls into a languid, graceful posture and out comes the inevitable cigarette. As he rolls and lights his fragrant, inseparable companion, his muscles fall unconsciously into easy, restful, graceful curves and lines that in an American would

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seem the height of affectation, but which in him are simply the instinctive accomplishment of muscular movement along the lines of least resistance—which is synonymous with graceful motion.

I was much amused one morning by the performances of the oarsmen on the coffee barges. A barge lying alongside had not yet finished discharging cargo. Another, fully loaded, came along and got near enough for its captain to discover that his predecessor had a few bags of coffee yet unloaded. Like a flash, the oars were unshipped and inclined against the gunwale, and every man Jack of the leather-hued crew had disappeared. I climbed up a little way in the rigging where I could look down upon them, and there the lazy beggars were, lounging about in graceful abandon upon the coffee sacks. Some were smoking cigarettes, some engaged in day dreams, others, with their hats over their eyes, were taking a nap, while a few were frolicking with each other as lazily as they could and yet appear to frolic. Within five minutes the other barge made way for them, when up they bobbed and pulled away at the oars as lustily as though they had never thought of resting.

But these natives of the tropics can nevertheless accomplish a surprising amount of work. Small,

A New Treatment

round-limbed, graceful monkeys that they are, the average northern laborer cannot keep pace with them, day in and day out. The secret of which is that the native laborer works only when his task is before him; he frets not; neither does he hasten, but he gets results all the same.

A suggestion, please—only a suggestion, mind you. Would it not be practicable to prepare an anti-neurotic serum from those Central Americans with which to inoculate against the “American disease,” neurasthenia? I fancy I could use a few pounds of it in my own practice to good advantage—perchance an ounce or two might not be a bad thing for self-treatment. I wouldn’t mind resting all the time.

It was interesting to note the peculiarities of the feet of the natives. They are short, broad and “stubby-toed,” with a high-arched instep, but the most prehensile feet I have ever seen. As the barefooted fellows move about over the sacks of coffee in the barges, their feet are suggestive of a Simian type, so flexible and prehensile are they. Not that this is to be greatly wondered at—those feet are simply what the human foot should be when free and unconfined for a few generations. It is the baby’s foot perpetuated by systematic avoidance of shoes.

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The facilities for getting ashore in Central American ports are a variable quantity. Little inducement, apparently, is held out to visitors. Two big, round American dollars was the tariff imposed by the genial boatmen who flocked about us at San José de Guatemala. And should the unwary passenger consent to be fleeced by the boatmen, he finds that on reaching the shore he must pay an import duty of a dollar or so on himself, else he cannot land. When he returns he finds an export duty of another dollar laid upon him before he can re-embark en route to the ship. Oh, they know a good thing when they see it, down there at San José!

Should one wish to go ashore on one of the regular combined passenger and freight barges, he must needs be lowered to the barge from the ship in a sort of box, with a capacity of four persons. In an emergency, four people, a valise and a cat can be crowded into this contrivance. Arriving at the shore a similar box is employed to land the passengers at the pier. The method is safe enough, perhaps, but not at all pleasant for people with shaky nerves. In some ports, however, no other method of getting to and from the vessel is practicable. The swell is so great that a small boat, no matter how seaworthy or skilfully handled,

Unwholesome Pets

would be crushed against the iron sides of the ship like an egg-shell.

I do not know why there should be so many formalities and expenses about landing at San José. The town is by no means impressive, albeit the harbor is a very pretty one. The place is, at best, merely the port of entry for the city of Guatemala, situated some distance inland by rail, which is not only the capital of Guatemala, but a very pretentious city of some sixty thousand inhabitants and considerable social, political and commercial importance.

I could enjoy visiting Central American seaport towns much more thoroughly were it not for the buzzards that are to be seen in countless numbers on every hand. Ugh! What nasty, sickening things they are. And with what insolent familiarity they hover around the homes of the people, like so many pet chickens. Fences, ridge-poles and roofs are bedecked with them. They hover lazily about, or roost upon the various buildings as thickly as pigeons in a country farmyard. They are useful as scavengers, grant you that, but they disfigure the landscape, and, where people are clean, buzzards do not roost on the front gate. Whatever arguments may be advanced in his fa-

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vor, the buzzard is an unwholesome, unsightly, disgusting blemish on the face of good old Mother Nature. I, for one, herewith vote for his abolishment.

It is unfortunate that the little Central American republics cannot get along without frequent civil strife. A week or two without a revolution is a rarity. Salvador is perhaps the most peaceful, as it is the most prosperous of them.

Apropos of revolutions, a good story is told of a recent rumpus in Guatemala. An officer was sent from the capital into the hill country for volunteers for the regular army. A few days later a sergeant appeared with a dozen or so sorry-looking natives, who were about the most unenthusiastic recruits that could be imagined. Some were tied together, two and two, some were mounted on little donkeys, with their bare brown legs tied together under the animals' bellies; still others were tied to the donkeys' tails. The sergeant bore a letter from the recruiting officer to the President, reading—

"Your Excellency:—I herewith send a lot of recruits. If you want more volunteers, send more rope."



Some Fellow Voyagers

As we stopped at the various ports we added to our list of passengers. And picturesque additions they were, too. Native Central-American men, women and children, Mexicans, Japanese and Chinese, of varying social status, with an occasional American or English tourist, were all in evidence. There was a fair sprinkling of coffee planters of different nationalities. The Mexican women were like most of their male compatriots, much given to the smoking of cigarettes—and such powerful cigarettes! One of those paper-covered atrocities would suffice to kill half a dozen of our American “Willie-boys.” And yet, they were not evil-smelling. Toned down and diluted by the ocean air, they were fragrant enough. But our Mexican lady passengers did not stop at cigarettes—some of them smoked big black cigars. Which is another reason why I cannot enthuse over the Spanish-American type of female. There are no sentiment-provoking properties in the most scientific blending of tobacco and garlic.

They were a picturesque lot, though, and I spent hours and hours watching them as they stood about in little groups, gayly laughing and chatting, smoking their cigarettes or big cheroots and playing with their undeniably pretty children. My camera was omnipresent at such times, but I had

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very little opportunity to use it. The women were superstitious, apparently, the children timid, and the men mighty ugly.

I was especially desirous of getting a picture of one very interesting Mexican family, and tried assiduously to secure it for some days, without success. Mamma looked upon me with disfavor, her little child was as shy as she was picturesque, and paterfamilias—my conscience, but he was an ugly brute! Every time I looked toward his wife and interesting progeny when my camera happened to be in sight, he looked poniards, and machetes, and pistols at me. He kept me wondering how long a dirk he had concealed about him and where he carried it. But, one fine day, I caught Mr. Mexicano and the old girl off guard. The light was bad and the little one in shadow, but I got a picture all the same. As may be observed, papa and mamma had their ugly mugs turned in the other direction. My sullen-browed Mexican friend heard the snap of the shutter and turned around just too late to catch me. I was serenely counting the gulls that were sailing past.





OFF GUARD.

The Sailors' Pets

Speaking of gulls, it may not be uninteresting to those who have never sailed along the Pacific coast to know that these birds are here to be found in greater numbers and variety than in almost any part of the world. In the ports they may be seen by thousands. On the open sea they are also met with in great abundance. There seems to be a marked difference between the harbor gulls and those encountered outside. Stupidity, laziness, and a generally dirty and disreputable appearance characterize the former, while the latter are keener-witted, more active, cleaner-looking, and as handsome birds as one could wish to see. The harbor gull is a pampered, bloated, fat-bodied loafer to whom a living comes easily, whilst his brother of the open sea is a lean and hungry hustler. Tid-bits do not often come his way, and he fain must fight for all he gets. And what a number of different kinds of these beautiful birds one sees on a voyage up that delightful coast. Even a non-expert has no difficulty in distinguishing half a dozen varieties. Just after the steamer passed Cape San Lucas there appeared a large black species of gull, or, more accurately, perhaps, a variety of albatross. These are magnificent birds, many of which measure fully eight feet from wing-tip to wing-tip. Built for airships these birds certainly are, for their wings are

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so long and their legs so clumsy that it takes them some time to dispose of these members satisfactorily when they alight upon the water. The black fellows are by no means so friendly as the gray and white ones, but keep a respectful distance from the ship. They also, apparently, treat their smaller brethren with respect. I suspect that, despite his warlike mien, the black gull is a very non-combative bird.

How a flock of gulls manages to keep up with a ship night and day is a mystery. Day after day I have marked them by some peculiarity—a broken leg being very useful in this regard—and have settled to my own satisfaction the fact that they were the identical birds that had begun following us at some distant point along the coast. Sailors usually claim that the birds roost upon the vessel at night, but I half suspect that this assertion is often made to protect the reputation of their vessel as a fast sailer. This would have been a reasonable assumption in the case of the *Carpallo*. My own candid opinion is that the gulls used to take a nap in the water from time to time, and caught up with the ship without much trouble when their nap was out. In the day-time their chief difficulty seemed to be to fly slowly enough to keep abreast or just astern of the pokey old ship.

A Real Live Volcano

Just before San Francisco was reached the big black birds disappeared. Soon afterward the clean white and gray fellows who had followed us for so long also vanished, their places being taken by the dirty-looking Frisco harbor gulls.

I should have liked to capture a few specimens of gulls for souvenirs, but the superstitious sailors would have none of it. They believe that when a sailor dies his soul enters the body of a gull and never quits the sea, but sails on and on forever.



Perhaps the most interesting of the Central American harbors is Acajutla, Salvador. Not only is the scenery of this harbor picturesque in general, but it is enlivened by a real, active volcano, Izalco. At each of my visits to Acajutla, this volcano was extremely entertaining. Whether to show off before company or not I cannot say, but the smoky old fellow was on his best behavior. At intervals of fifteen or twenty minutes a cloud of smoke and a stream of lava would pour slowly forth, and, settling down about the volcano's apex, conceal it from view for some time. At night the glowing lava was a very pretty sight, indeed. The

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natives quite generally hold the opinion that this volcano will one day undergo a serious eruption and destroy the little town. Judging from the number of extinct volcanoes to be seen along the coast, however, it is more likely that this one will some day meet the fate of its dead companions and also become extinct. Long before reaching Acajutla, and long after that port was left behind, we could see that lonely volcano belching forth for the information of all and sundry, credentials which proved that it was indeed not "any old hill," but in a special class by itself, so far as that coast was concerned. To be sure, there are other volcanoes scattered along the coast—Chonco, Viego, Telico, Santa Clara, Agua, Fuego and Colima. All these lay claim to the title, but they died long since and have no right to it.



The loading and unloading of coffee had lost their novelty, and it was with joy that I hailed the news that the next stop would be in Mexico, and that Guatemala, the coffee paradise, being left behind, we would see no more coffee barges. There had been symptoms of proximity to Mexico

Mere Dross

for several days. Sombreros had put in an appearance among the roustabouts in the harbors, and Vera Cruz cigars at \$2.00 the hundred—fine cigars they were, too—had begun to appear on board. Before long the roustabouts and freight handlers were all sombreroed, and the bags of coffee were replaced by hundreds of pounds of gold and silver bullion and pigs of tin. How strange it seemed to see those piratic-looking natives handling thousands of dollars' worth of the precious metals as nonchalantly as though they were baser stuff! Looking over the rail one day, I saw lying alongside a barge loaded with bars of silver, worth probably \$100,000. On top of the silver was carelessly laid a couple of bars of gold, valued, I was told, at thirty thousand dollars. A fortune this, and had it been in the streets of Chicago it would have been guarded by a special detail of police. The only guard there was, however, consisted of a handsome half-grown Mexican lad, who lay sleeping on some empty coffee sacks in the stern of the barge, his bare brown feet resting against the pile of valuable stuff as if it were so much rubbish. A careless way to handle gold and silver, eh? Don't you ever think it. Gold and silver bullion are too bulky and heavy for a pilferer to get away with

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down in that country. Just imagine that boy grabbing a huge bar of gold and trying to swim ashore with it!

Several Mexican places at which we touched—San Benito, Tonalá, Salina Cruz and Port Angel—are ports of little importance and do not merit description.



I was sitting on a pile of rope forward one afternoon, when, to my surprise, I noticed that the ship seemed to be aiming directly for shore. As it was broad daylight, and the peculiar course of the vessel seemed to be the result of deliberate intent on the part of the quartermaster at the wheel, I was in no wise disconcerted thereby, yet I took the liberty of asking the first mate for an explanation. "Why," said he, "there's Acapulco, dead ahead. Don't you see it?" Of course, I admitted that I saw it, although I did not in the least. The ship kept on toward the shore, however, and soon entered the narrow inlet of the bay of Acapulco, Mexico. As the ship passed through the mountain-bordered gateway into the harbor, I wondered how on earth



PALM-THATCHED DWELLING — ACAPULCO.

Acapulco

the mate expected me, an inexperienced land-lubber, to see that blessed town, concealed as it is from view when one is on the open sea.

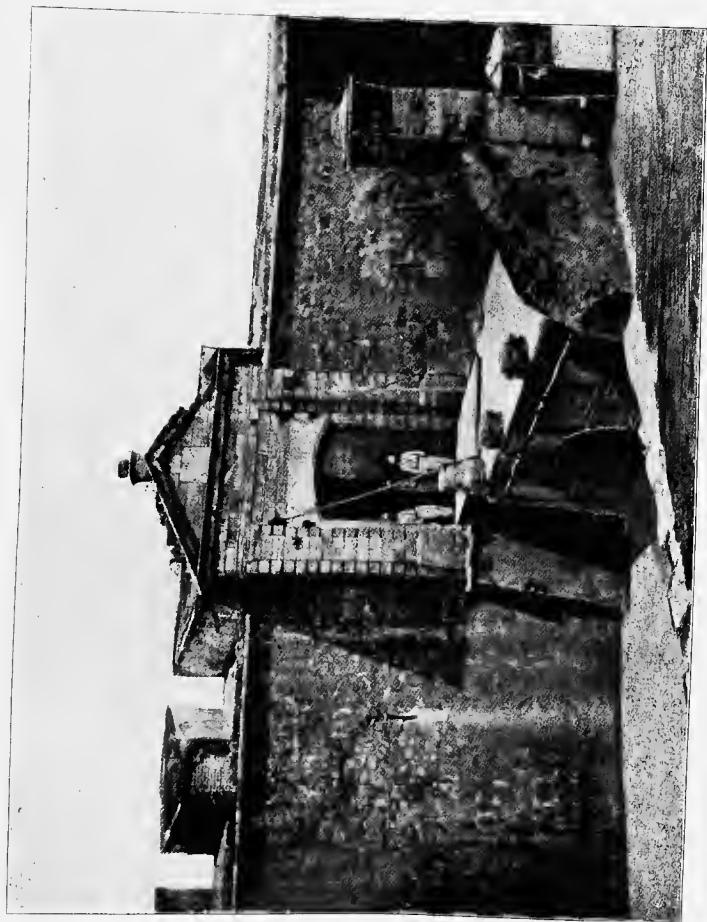
The bay of Acapulco is far and away the best harbor between Panama and San Francisco, with the exception of the bay of San Diego. It is completely landlocked, and almost circular in form, connecting with the Pacific by a deep, narrow channel between the hills—a channel that could be very easily defended should the necessity arise.

The scene that meets the eye on entering the harbor of Acapulco is distinctly tropic. The tall palms along the shore, the numerous varieties of cacti on the sides of the hills and the queer palm-thatched huts upon the beach are especially characteristic. As much of the town lies upon several slopes that face the bay, its peculiar buildings of varying color, intermingled with squalid adobe huts, could be distinctly seen from the deck of our ship. In plain view upon a neighboring hill stands an ancient Spanish convent, which, I believe, is still occupied by the devout sisters.

The most unique feature of the bay is an ancient fort—a travesty upon modern fortifications—that surmounts an elevated peninsula immediately upon the water front. Quaintly picturesque is this old fort, with its embrasured walls and pudgy-looking

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cannon, but as a guardian of the rights and safety of the harbor and town, it is a pitiful failure. Time was when this relic of glory past and gone was considered impregnable. Our Mexican friends have ever been slow to appreciate the onward march of improvements in the art of war. They might even now be laboring under the delusion that the old fort is invincible, had it not been for a little incident that occurred during the war between Mexico and the United States. One of our men-of-war that happened to be knocking about on pleasure bent, made a little social call at Acapulco one day, for the purpose of paying the respects of the American government to its commandante. That gentleman being somewhat ruffled in spirit because the captain of the man-of-war was apparently unafraid of his formidable fort, was so inhospitable as to resent the neighborly call and train his guns upon the American ship. The result was that in less than fifteen minutes the conceit which the inhabitants of Acapulco had been harboring for so many generations regarding that wonderful fort was knocked completely out of them. I, for one, am thankful that the fort was not entirely destroyed, for it is one of the most interesting structures I have ever seen. It is now used as a military prison and barracks, and although very little



THE OLD FORT — ACAPULCO.

I Capture a Fort

is now claimed for it as a fortification, visiting it is hedged around by difficulties. Whether the powers that be are afraid that the little white-uniformed, brown-skinned soldiers may be stolen, or desire to keep the plan of the fort and its formidable armament from falling into the hands of alien powers, is a question. It may have been risky—who knows?—but I took a couple of snap shots, and was later delighted to find that the picturesque old fort, with its ancient moat and drawbridge, showed up to good advantage in the pictures.



Did I go ashore at Acapulco? Well, yes, and glad I am that I went. Negotiations were readily made with one of the throng of boatmen who flocked about the ship. As each one clamored that his craft was "de bes' a boat on de bay, señor," it seemed safe enough to choose one hit or miss. My selection proved to be a wise one; the boat was staunch and the rowers, little fellows though they were, strong, sturdy and boatmen to the manner born. And skill is really necessary in those Mexican harbors. The water is none too smooth, and

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'tis easy enough to give one a spill in the swell or smash the little boat against the tough flanks of the ship.

The beauties of the harbor impress one more than ever on the boat trip to the shore. The beach, in particular, is very attractive—especially so, I fancy, because of the characteristically-dressed natives who flock to the landing to watch the approach of strangers.

A quaint, characteristic old town, that Acapulco, and quaint and ancient-looking it must long remain, for there is no railroad and very little prospect of getting one.

Like all Mexican towns of any pretensions, Acapulco has a central plaza, with beautiful palms and a profusion of tropic plants and flowers, surrounding a bandstand, from which the inevitable Mexican band discourses music every evening. Here the native dandies and their dark-eyed señoritas promenade—always in opposite directions—and carry on flirtations such as only those people can. I suspect the swains sometimes go out to see a man, just like home folks, you know. Why do I think so? Because upon the front of a building just across the street I saw the legend, "American bar." Great Scott! An American bar! Save the mark. I am addicted to soft drinks—prescribed



AN AFRICAN-LIKE SCENE.

Music and more Rest

by a doctor friend of mine who has a well-stocked sideboard and doesn't want his friends to discover it—hence there is a reasonable excuse for my learning something about that American bar way down there on the Mexican west coast. Ugh!

Heard near by, the strains of the band on the plaza were not so dulcet as one might infer from the music furnished by the Mexican bands that visit us here in the North occasionally. But, softened by distance and swelled by the echoes of the neighboring hills, the music of that band, as it reached us on board ship, was incomparably sweet. How delightful that evening in port, when, after a hard day ashore, we lounged about the deck, swapping yarns and listening to the far-away concert.

The omnipresent plaza is the loafing place of every Mexican town. There, in the heat of the day, may be found dozens of *Mexicanos* lounging listlessly about, silent for the most part, dozing in some instances, and none of them moving a finger, unless it be to roll and light a cigarette. Should one fall profoundly asleep, he is allowed to finish his nap. Even should he be so forgetful of his surroundings as to snore, there is no rude policeman to tell him to move on. Indeed, the policeman himself is quite likely to be asleep.

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The native policeman is a most picturesque character, by the way. And he is pretty decent, too. In some ways he is a model for American officers. I witnessed a scene one afternoon in Acapulco that suggested the advisability of sending some of our own policemen down yonder to learn at least one branch of their business—caring for drunks. Now, those native policemen are by no means expert in handling a helpless man. They are not athletes, and are too lazy to learn how to shoulder an unconscious man and walk off with him, but they have patience, and do not club or kick a helpless drunk simply because he is not open to persuasion.

A *peon* was lying in the street near the plaza, dead drunk. He was discovered by a native policeman, who vainly tried to arouse him. In despair, the officer finally called assistance. A mounted officer soon appeared on the scene, who was picturesquely unlike anything I had ever seen in the way of a policeman. Mounted on a typic mustang, clad in a white linen uniform, topped with a huge straw sombrero, tremendous spurs with the cruelest of rowels clinking at his heels, the inevitable lariat at his saddle bow, a knife on one hip and a six-shooter on the other, he was an ideal picture of a *caballero*, but a policeman—never!

Model Policemen

Dismounting from his mustang, the officer proceeded to assist his subordinate in disposing of the drunk. They tugged and pulled the fellow to a standing posture again and again, only to have him topple to the ground, despite their vigorous bracing, until one would have forgiven them had they lost patience and played just a little rough with their charge. Without the slightest show of impatience, they stood a while deliberating as to the best method of disposing of him. As they could not walk away with him, they concluded to carry the fellow on the mustang, and finally, after considerable effort, succeeded in doing so. This, however, was not accomplished without several ludicrous failures. Once, whilst the officers were tugging away at the fellow at either end, the belt that confined his garments at the waist gave way and left the poor devil almost *au naturel*! But, nothing daunted, the guardians of the public morals procured a piece of rope and, having restored the continuity of the drunkard's clothing, threw him over the mustang's withers, where he hung as limply as a bag of meal. The officer mounted behind him and rode off as gayly as you please, the policeman on foot walking along side and holding the drunken man's head as high as he could without tipping him off the extemporized patrol wagon.

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I do not know how well supplied Acapulco may be with other amusements, but cock-fighting is very popular. Just opposite the plaza may be seen a sign which, freely translated, conveys the information that a cock fight takes place there every afternoon and evening. The fights begin a little later on Sundays, it seems. The Mexicans evidently respect the Sabbath day, with some reservation, it is true, but when a Mexican defers a cock fight for an hour or two, he must be actuated by some very powerful sentiment. Our humane society would not be very popular in that country. The people must be amused. Some day, perhaps, cock-fighting will be abolished down there, but not until the higher education prevails and such gentle sports as pugilism and football replace the brutalizing fighting of bulls and chickens. 'Twere better that ten pugilists had their noses broken, or that ten football players were killed or maimed for life, than that one innocent little rooster should suffer the gaff or the cruel matadors slay one dear, sweet bull. Out upon you, my Mexican friends! You are rude barbarians. Even your cock-fights, so far as I could see, are no improvement on the surreptitious American article, even though a native policeman did handle



PROUD OF HIS CATCH.

African-like Dwellings

the chickens. But, I came, I saw, and—I bet a *peso* on the wrong rooster; just because he was bald-headed, like Fitzsimmons!

To one who is unfamiliar with old Mexico, and especially its western seaport towns, the peculiar habitations of some of its people are at once a surprise and a delight. Acapulco, perhaps, has participated less in the march of progress than any of the larger seaports of Mexico. At a little distance some of its residence districts resemble nothing so much as an African village. I stood upon a hill near the old fort for some time, admiring a picturesque collection of squat adobe huts in the midst of a grove of great palms and towering cocoanut trees near a little insweep of the bay. Palm-thatched as to roof, diminutive as to size, and possibly fairer to the eye from where I stood than when seen at closer range, those huts nevertheless made an exquisite picture. As if to accentuate their primitive character, a lone fisherman, garbed in a style befitting the coast of Africa, was busily engaged in casting a net in the surf a short distance off. I wanted that lone fisherman's picture and forthwith proceeded to stalk him. I caught him just as he had returned to shore after a successful haul. The result was

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but indifferent, yet 'twill serve to illustrate one of the most interesting features of the Mexican coast.



To one of artistic instincts, and even a moderate degree of sentimentality, the ancient stone paved road leading from the town to the awesome fort of Acapulco were well worth traveling, even though there were naught of interest at the end of its winding way. From the edge of the road there is a steep declivity leading down to the beach, where an occasional queer-looking fisherman or clam-digger may be seen lazily plying his vocation. Beyond the gently rolling surf the native barges and small boats fare back and forth with their loads of commodities or passengers, between the ships in the harbor and the docks. A most variegated picture, these boats. Those devoted to passenger service are gaily decorated with parti-colored awnings, and bear fanciful Spanish names which tempt one to get aboard whether he have an objective point or not. Lissome fellows—blacks, and tans and olive-browns, the rowers. Most of them are



AN INCIPIENT ROMANCE.

Harbor Hucksters

undersized, but all are sturdy and manful at the oar, which often seems many sizes too big for him who mans it.

The tradespeople of the harbor are a quaint lot. Gaily dressed women and young boys predominate in the management of the merchandise boats. These boats are not infrequently dugouts—about as unseaworthy craft as ever floated. The average Caucasian who knows a bit of “boatology” would turn one of those canoes “turtleback” in a jiffy and give the sharks a treat—an omnivorous treat of white meat and “garden sass” at that. But those natives paddle serenely about, or doze in the bottoms of their floating shops as peacefully as if on the most secure of couches. And such an array of commodities! Wonderful shells of the Pacific, with all the tints of the rainbow, giving forth the imprisoned music of operatic mermaids and the soft murmurings of tropic seas, coconuts, freshly torn from the graceful trees that fringe the bay, plantains, bananas, oranges and limes, with all the charm of recent picking lingering about them, odd bright-colored fabrics that are distinctively Mexican—all sorts of wares and commodities are displayed by those hucksters of the sea. Most characteristic of all are the grotesque, seldom beautiful, light and papery Indian

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earthenware of the country, gorgeous parrots and an occasional monkey from Corinto, for the possession of which one may drive as hard a bargain as he wishes, feeling sure that he will acquire his object in the end.

Beneath the huge trees that border the road and stand out in bold relief against the shimmering background of the bay, is the playground of the children. For aught I know, the grateful shade of those gnarled and twisted giants is the scene of many a tryst. In fact, I was witness to an incipient tryst as I strolled along the old fort road. Did not my camera prove it? Too young? Well, mayhap, but they begin early down there. Besides, I have great faith in small beginnings.

One of the *dramatis personæ*, the girl, was a typic little Mexican, as beautiful as only a child of the Latin race can be; the other was a living exemplification of the well-known fact that the color line is none too sharply drawn in Mexico. But he, too, was beautiful. The Latin blood mixes with the African more kindly than does the Caucasian. The result of that kindly mixture has often much of real beauty. What does the future hold for those children who so accommodatingly, though all unconsciously, gave me a scene worthy



CATHEDRAL—MAZATLAN.

Mazatlan

of the attention of a professional artist, let alone that of a wandering amateur? Did I in very truth materialize the beginning of a romance?



The weather at Acapulco had been extremely hot; indeed, most of the passengers seemed to suffer more with the heat than at any time during the voyage. The evenings upon deck were still delightful, as there is always a grateful breeze along that coast, but after retiring to one's stateroom the tropic climate loses much of its charm. However, sea air and the motion of the ship are superb hypnotics, and sleep soon antidotes the heat. And dreamlessly one sleeps, until a resounding whack upon the stateroom door and the regular morning call, "Bath's ready, sir," awakens one to a sensation of stifling sultriness and the consciousness of having been stewed in the secretion of one's own sweat glands. Languid and enervating that sultriness of the stateroom o' mornings. Yet after a plunge in the cool sea water one experiences a delicious sense of revival and stimulation that lasts for the entire day, if the direct rays of the sun be avoided.

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Manzanillo and San Blas gave us a more than tropic welcome and I was not sorry to leave them. " 'Twill be much cooler after we leave Mazatlan," said the wise ones. Which was the principal reason why I was glad to see the huge lighthouse-capped rock at the entrance of Mazatlan bay looming up ahead, early one super-heated morning.

Mazatlan is the principal seaport town of the west coast of Mexico. It has an excellent harbor, although it is not to be compared with that of Acapulco. Picturesque as the town certainly is, it is not by any means so bizarre as some of the towns further south, as may be readily understood upon consideration of the relatively cosmopolitan tone that it acquires from its commercial relations with other parts of the world, and especially with the United States. But it is nevertheless distinctively Mexican. The inhabitants number, perhaps, 15,000. The buildings are mainly of adobe, and some of them are very pretentious, though very few are more than one story in height. The characteristic court garden is to be found in nearly all of the houses and in many of the stores. A commentary on the mutual confidence of the Mexicans is presented by the iron bars seen at every door and window. The variations of color in the buildings, characteristic of



A YOUTHFUL FACTORY HAND.

Mazatlan Churches

Spanish - American towns, are here especially marked; hence the streets present an appearance not unattractive to the artistic eye.

Mazatlan has several old churches of more than passing interest and beauty. Like some of the ancient buildings in Central America, the hand of time and the remorseless imprint of the weather have but enhanced the attractiveness of the original coloring. The principal cathedral is a very imposing and artistic structure of comparatively recent date, the architecture of which, were it not for its charm of color, would savor somewhat of "gingerbread." The interior decorations of this cathedral are boasted of by the people of Mazatlan as being very gorgeous and magnificent. They appeared to me, however, to be very tawdry. The altar suggested a desperate attempt at display on the part of a people whose ideas as to artistic effect and harmony of decoration are very simple and childish, not to say aboriginal. However, there was sufficient tinsel, and gilt, and shoddy stuff to show that the worshipers are not disposed to regard expense when it comes to decorating a church.

One of the principal industries of Mazatlan is the manufacture of cigars and cigarettes. Some of the factories employ women and children ex-

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clusively. Many of the children are very diminutive indeed. I saw one pretty little girl, who could not have been more than five or six years of age, working at a bench. She was making paper cigarette boxes at lightning speed. That so young a child should have acquired such remarkable dexterity and speed astonished me. Her mother, who was working beside her in the midst of several other children, who were evidently also her own, consented to allow the little one to be photographed. The child was backward at first, but, bearing in mind the *penchant* of the Mexicans for American money, I succeeded in getting her consent to the operation. As the picture shows, she was a little Topsy-like as to stockings, but triumphant and secure as to the piece of Uncle Sam's coin that she held in her fingers. One cannot help wondering in looking at this child's sweet face, what her future life is destined to be.

Chicago, in common with many other great American cities, often complains of her transportation facilities. Possibly the introduction of a few of the palatial street cars of Mazatlan might reconcile our citizens even to the—well, the North Side cars, for instance. I had little difficulty in photographing one of those greaser-driven, mule-drawn cars. The driver stood for the picture,



"ME TOO," QUOTH THE MULE.

A Human Horse

probably not because he was courteous or hospitable, but because he liked rest, even though it were transitory. "Me, too," quoth the mule.

The general market of Mazatlan is one of the features of the town which the natives insist upon showing visitors. Their anxiety to exhibit their foodstuffs and methods of handling them is explicable only by their ignorance. The fruit and green groceries look unwholesome. The supposedly fresh meats are exposed promiscuously in the stalls, apparently for the especial benefit of the flies, which divide their attention impartially between the meats and the persons of the proprietors and clerks, most of whom are asleep the better part of the time. And such meats! A Goose Island dog might condescend to look at them, but an aristocratic canine from Michigan avenue wouldn't remain a minute in the same room with the stuff.

In one of the more unfrequented streets I met with the oddest character I had yet seen. Plodding along in the fierce glare of the noonday sun was a splendidly-built native, of perhaps forty years of age, naked as to raiment, save for a sombrero much too big for his head, and a garment which, for courtesy's sake, we will call a pair of trunks. Thrown over his shoulders was a small

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shawl, upon which was a pad, resting cheerfully upon his neck. Upon this pad was supported a load of saplings that would have been a sufficient burden for a horse. These saplings are the material upon which the adobe is spread in building the humbler dwellings. The human horse by no means considered himself an object of commiseration. He seemed to think that the feat he was performing was in no way remarkable. As he stood for his photograph, with a meek and smiling look of resignation upon his face and his toes turned in, pigeon-wise, my conscience perspired more than he did. 'Twas eased somewhat, however, by the joy that illumined his face as he held out his hungry palm for the customary consolation.

I was much impressed by the lack of enterprise of the Mazatlan shopkeepers. Greedy as they are for American money, they are not only unfamiliar with our greenbacks, but too mortally lazy to take the trouble to exchange them for Mexican currency, even when they know the legal rate of exchange. They will take our silver, off-hand, but will allow customers to leave their stores without purchasing, thus losing the sale of large bills of goods, rather than bother their heads with money exchange. Then, too, the traveler is at his wit's



HIS LOAD WAS NOT LIGHT.

A Futile Make-up

end to find suitable shops in which to trade. American shopkeepers would have guides at the boat landings.

The freight handlers at Mazatlan, corresponding to our roustabouts and dock laborers, are a most interesting lot. They are very striking, with their brown, handsome faces shaded by broad sombreros, much the worse for wear, and their bare, sinewy legs. It is very entertaining to watch them wading back and forth between the barges and the beach, fairly staggering under their loads of goods. Jolly fellows they are, too, singing at their work and laughing and shouting like a lot of happy children. How they laughed when I pointed my camera at them. And how they posed, confound 'em! Why is it that every interesting character insists on spoiling a picture by posing, the instant a camera confronts him?

The people of Mazatlan are not the politest in the world. They are given not only to staring, but to directing rude remarks at strangers. That sort of thing grows wearisome after a while, and I determined to correct it. Observing one big caballero eying me rather superciliously, I noticed his get-up with a critical and observant eye. Whereat I soliloquized: "Anybody, anywhere, might wear

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that shirt and trousers, but that sombrero and bright red serape are distinctively Mexican. Aha! I have it. I'll get a costume." And so I hied me to a shop, and, by more or less intelligible gestures and the exhibition of sundry coins, succeeded in encompassing my desires. Gee, whiz! What a make-up! My model wore a sombrero with a six-inch rim. I bought one with a rim a foot wide. To show my lofty contempt for his style of head-gear, I bought an extra one about the size of his and stuck it under my arm. He had a fiery red serape wrapped around him, hot as it was. I procured one with red, blue, yellow and green stripes. Ah, but it was a kaleidoscopic dream! And hot—oh, my!

To make my bluff good, I purchased a huge machete and slung it over my shoulder. I wanted to buy a pair of huge Mexican spurs, but the proprietor of the store would have none of it. He fain would not be accessory to a riot, I fancy. I left the shop as proud as a peacock, intending to paralyze the town. About a block away was standing my model, daintily twirling his moustache and smoking a big cigar, still with that supercilious air. He looked up, saw me and through me. His superciliousness changed to contempt, and then, as the absurdity of the counterfeit dawned fully upon him,



BARE-LEGGED STUDIES IN BROWN.

Unsanitary Mexico

he laughed uproariously. As I fled to my boat I was conscious that he had company in his hilarity. He had called his friends to see the show.

Well, anyhow, I don't believe I shall ever go down there again. Even if I should, those fellows probably would not remember me. But I'll not visit their old town again if I can help it—machete me if I do.



The sanitary condition of the Mexican seaports is not good, although better, I fancy, than that of the interior towns. A recent letter from one of my young professional friends sets forth the state of affairs in the interior district most graphically:

“Killing time and fighting disease seem a very hard proposition in this section of the country. I am coming to the conclusion that the experience gained here is very dearly purchased. A few months of this life would make any kind of a hereafter endurable. When, after my day's work, I compare my cases with those of a similar nature in America, and contrast the results obtained, I despair. As for the class of people here, it makes one despise humanity, to think that such creatures exist. They are lost, apparently, to all that Ameri-

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cans hold dear—honor, manhood and self-respect. And to be compelled to live in such a community! Is the game worth the candle? No, a thousand times no! The people have no morals, no decency. They lie, cheat and steal. They merely exist from day to day, having no memory of the past, no ambition for the present, and no hope for the future. What an outlook for a race! Thank the Lord, he is slowly but surely calling these people in. Within an area of sixty square miles the mortality rate among the natives is 104 deaths to 100 births. In the little town of Ramos, smallpox, diphtheria and pneumonia are very virulent, killing in from 24 to 72 hours. In a population of 1,500 to 2,000 there are only 76 boys and girls who attend school. The number of natives under the age of six years is about 75. The race is neither Mexican, Spanish nor Indian, but a mixture of the three, plus the commonest of American blood. I have seen one or two healthy babies—the rest show traces of syphilis.”*



*The author of this letter, Dr. Fred Myers, has since died in Ramos, the hell-hole in which he was practicing. He contracted typhus fever in the discharge of his duty. Of him I can only say: There was a man.

Woolens Again

Sure enough, the tropic weather was left behind us at Mazatlan—and with it the privilege of stopping at ports. “No more stops till we get to Frisco,” quoth the bluff and cheery captain. There was no reason for stopping, for there were no passengers desiring it, and the ship had all the cargo she could stagger under. Even the forward deck was encroached upon by bales and boxes of limes and bunches of bananas—an arrangement that made some of the passengers a bit nervous. It had not been long since the brave old Colima, of the Pacific Mail, had capsized in a gale off the California coast, as a result of the shifting of a deck-load of freight, and the story of that luckless vessel was still fresh in the minds of seafarers.

But there were no gales—only the most delightful breezes, growing cooler day by day, until I was glad to get back to my woolens and a heavy suit of clothes. Long before Frisco was reached a light overcoat was absolutely essential, mornings and evenings. The transition from tropic to cool weather is quite abrupt on the Mexican coast. Mazatlan had displayed her hottest weather for our benefit. Within six hours it was considerably cooler, and, three days later, came the flannels. And, by the way, it is always quite cool off this portion of the Pacific coast.

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The air of the coast from Cape San Lucas—the extreme southerly point of lower California—to a point opposite Santa Cruz, California, is the most delightful and invigorating of any within my experience. It is as free from humidity as sea air can be, from its commingling with the dry air from off the coast, especially of southern California, where the currents from off the Salton and great Mojave deserts come in play. As Charles Dudley Warner expresses it; “even the fogs are dry.” Our course lay quite near the coast, along the inner channel, as the sailors call it, to distinguish it from the outer course that discretion compels vessels to take in rough weather. Fortunately for my yearnings for the picturesque, the sea was smooth as a frozen pond. There was no rough weather after crossing the California gulf, and even there the sea was only a bit choppy. The captain was therefore privileged to select the shorter and more entertaining inner course through San Pedro and Santa Barbara channels.

The coast of lower California is dreary and barren, albeit picturesque enough. Near Cape San Lucas there is a little hamlet of perhaps sixty souls, pearl fishers mostly, but from that point clear to California human habitations are few and far between. Robinson Crusoe may have been cast away on a lonelier spot than the site of that little

The Land of Promise

fishing village, but I doubt it. And still, there must be some features of attractiveness. The first officer told me that on a previous trip the ship had put in at that little place to land the family of an American, who, after many years' residence in the lonely-looking village, had gone back to his native city, Philadelphia, to live, but after two years had grown homesick and returned to end his days upon that lonely coast. His wife and children, he said, had never been contented away from that coast, and, like himself, were happy to return to it. The Quaker City was too slow for them, perhaps. When once the ozone-charged air of the Pacific coast gets into the blood, how one longs to stay there the rest of his days. What joy to live where the act of breathing is itself a delight, where care is not and the sky is perennially blue. But the story is "one on Philadelphia" all the same.



Only one who has returned to the land of his nativity, many, many years after having left it for a sterner and more forbidding clime, can appreciate my sensations when the coast of California came in sight. Fair was it, fair as the land of promise, fairer than that sturdy Argonaut, my

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father, e'er saw it, for to him it was but the gateway to the fortune of his dreams, that fortune which, alas! never came to him in real life. California was to me a land of romance, a panorama of beauty, rose-tinged by pleasant memories of boyhood's joyous days.

"We have crossed the line. There's California, sir," said an obliging tar. I thanked him, and raised my hat most reverently. The sailor looked at me wonderingly as I shaded my eyes—not from the sun, I'll confess, but to hide their moisture—and gazed at the distant shore.

How fair is the coast of California after the dreary waste of the peninsula to the southward. Patches of vivid green are to be seen, here and there, covering the gentle slopes and extending back to the steep rise of the mountains of the Coast range. These mountains begin to show verdure soon after leaving lower California, the verdure increasing progressively as one goes northward. The bright green of the slopes, and the grays and reds of the barren, rocky spots seen now and again, stand out in bold relief against the dark, somber green of the mountains.

A most attractive feature of a voyage up the California coast is the large number of beautiful islands that are to be seen in taking the inner course. The most important of these are Santa Clemente,

Fish Stories

Santa Catalina, Santa Rosa and Santa Cruz. Huge emeralds, some of them seem, as they loom up through the ocean mist. Rocky and forbidding many of them are, and, I fancy, really not quite so attractive as they appear at a distance. Volcanic islands are usually not so beautiful as picturesque. Some of them are so barren as to be uninhabitable, whilst others are fertile and devoted to agriculture and stock-raising. Several of these islands are the sites of the summer homes of wealthy men. Others, again, are noted for their fine fishing grounds. Santa Catalina island, not far from San Diego, is especially noted for its fishing. If the size of the fish caught there is commensurate with the size of the yarns I have heard about them, that island must be an ideal fishing place. Said one gentleman of my acquaintance: "I saw a fish weighing 250 pounds that was caught by a friend of mine at Catalina island. He was taken with a hook and line, and it took all day to wear him out and get him ashore."

As my friend is a man of veracity, I have determined to go fishing at Santa Catalina some fine day or "bust." And then, when I come home, there'll be an item in the papers something like this:

"A tunny fish was recently caught with a hook and line at Santa Catalina island, California, by

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Dr. Lydston, one of our townsmen, weighing 200 pounds. He struck the fish at 6 a. m. and it took 'till 6 p. m. to tire him out."

And then everybody will exclaim, "My, but the doctor must be feeling well to weigh so much! And how strong he is, too; why, it took a big tunny fish a whole day to tire him out!"

Be it understood that the works on natural history assert the existence of tunny fishes weighing one thousand pounds. What a bluff that story will be—how easily substantiated, and how far within the range of probability! Will it take a day to tire me out? Well, I should say so!



It is doubtful whether nature ever designed a more secure or beautiful harbor than the bay of San Francisco. Was it not because of its beauty that it was called The Golden Gate? It was so named by the early adventurers who explored the California coast, long before the discovery of the auriferous wealth that made the entrance to the land where lay The Golden Fleece a "golden gate" indeed. Mayhap the old-time voyagers were inspired. Who knows?

The Golden Gate

It is an unfortunate circumstance that San Francisco harbor and its famous entrance are rarely to be seen to advantage on account of the dense fogs that usually encompass it. Luck was with me on this occasion, however, as may be understood when I quote the captain's remark that he had not entered the bay under such favorable conditions for several years.

Standing at the entrance of the bay like trusty sentinels, are the two points of land between which vessels must pass to the secure haven within. The northern one, Point Bonita—the beautiful—is distinguished by its lighthouse. From near this point extends the bar that traverses the outer harbor entrance and makes it dangerous for vessels of heavy draft at low tide or when the wind blows from the west, nor'west or sou'east. On the southern point, Point Lobos—the wolf—stands the telegraph station from which messages are sent to the city, announcing the arrival of vessels.

From Points Bonita and Lobos, which are separated by a distance of perhaps three miles, the shores of the inlet gradually converge until at the narrowest part, The Golden Gate proper, the distance between the farthest jutting points is less than two thousand yards. Between Point Bonita and The Golden Gate on the northern shore stands

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a range of hills and cliffs crowned with verdure and dotted here and there with picturesque buildings of various kinds. Towering majestically above these beautiful hills stands Mount Tamalpais, with its wonderful scenic railway. South of The Golden Gate on a rocky cliff stands the Cliff House. Its snowy shape and artistic lines may be seen for miles and miles out at sea.

Time was when some of the old forts at the entrance of the harbor were supposed to be very formidable. Those that have not been dismantled look very like toy structures nowadays. One almost expects to see children playing with them, so toy-like do they look at a little distance. Respect for old age alone has preserved these old-fashioned structures. Their usefulness ceased with the introduction of those enormous modern guns, visible and invisible, that stand upon the brows of the cliffs on either hand. San Francisco occupies a position that is very easily fortified, and the military engineers have selected most advantageous positions for the guns.

There is much to be seen in steaming up the harbor. The military prison and other buildings on the harbor islands, the Presidio or U. S. army barracks, the beautiful suburbs that dot the shore of the bay, the magnificent ferry-boats plying back

A Transformation

and forth, the multitudinous shipping, and, last but not least, the city of San Francisco itself, situated as it is upon a series of hills, form a most interesting picture.

But one must see the bay of San Francisco to appreciate its beauties. To see it at its best, however, one must approach it from the sea and sail through The Golden Gate. If he has not this opportunity, let him stand upon the shore at the entrance and watch the stately ships as they pass to and fro in their outgoing or home-coming. One of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen was a majestic out-bound East Indian clipper ship crossing the bar by moonlight, on her way to the far-away land of tea and spice. Many years have since passed away, yet the scene is still remembered as a delightful experience.

San Francisco is by no means as cosmopolitan as when I first saw it, many years ago. The city itself was then small and primitive, but its shipping comprised a variety of craft that probably could not have been duplicated by any harbor in the world. The flags and bunting of all nations were there to be found at all times, and all sorts of craft, from the queer Oriental junk to the palatial steamship of the Pacific Mail or the royal merchantman of the Indies could be seen going or coming, or lying peacefully at anchor at all times.

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A great variety of craft is there to-day, but some of the old-time features of picturesqueness are gone. The march of progress has long since reached the Orient, and the junk has been replaced by such vessels as the Hong Kong Maru, Nippon Maru and other beautiful steamships of the Oriental Steamship Company's line.

But the crowds of incoming passengers on vessels from all parts of the world are no more. The fitful fever of seeking gold with pick and pan has long since exhausted itself, and San Francisco is now compelled to rely upon California's substantial merits and such commercial attractions as she herself can furnish without the boom element of the gold fever.

Seeing the wonderful transformation that had occurred in the metropolis of my native state, I began to wonder whether my visit to my old home in the hills was not going to be a disappointment. I had expected great changes, yet did not fully realize what the difference between the old and the new would really mean to me, until confronted with that magnificent up-to-date city, with its crowded streets and fine buildings.



Through Fairyland

All that is novel in San Francisco has been described by abler pens than mine, but I cannot resist the temptation to chronicle a few impressions. One of the interesting features of the city is the large number of charming suburbs that surround it, most of which, being located on the shores of the bay, are delightfully situated both as to transportation facilities and scenic effects. It is said that, while San Francisco has one of the meanest climates in the world, all a fellow has to do when he gets tired of it is to shut up his office and go to his home over in Oakland, Berkeley, Sausalito, San Rafael or Alameda, each of which towns has a climate that is not only delightful, but, if its citizens are to be believed, better than that of any other suburb. And, of a truth, a change of climate entails only thirty minutes' ride on a comfortable ferryboat. In passing, let me remark that the ferryboats of Frisco put those of New York to the blush. They are elegant in their appointments and almost as speedy as ocean racers.

There are two short trips out of San Francisco that I wish to especially recommend, viz., the electric line to Haywards and San Leandro via Oakland, and to Santa Cruz via the Narrow Gauge through the Santa Clara Valley. In the season of bloom or fruit, either of these trips traverses a vast

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garden, beautiful beyond description. In the Santa Clara valley, for more than sixty miles, the way lies through an unbroken vista of fruit farms. On either side may be seen, some miles away, the parallel ridges of the coast range, between which the valley stretches away to the north and south, as far as the eye can see. Near the pretty little city of San Jose may be seen Mount Hamilton, the site of the great Lick observatory with its wonderful telescope.

The railroad finally leaves the valley and suddenly one finds himself in the heart of the Santa Cruz mountains, with their trout-enlivened streams and towering redwoods.

Ah! how delightful are those mountains, where the breath of the sea and the balmy air from the pines and redwoods on the mountain sides commingle. But the woodman's mercenary axe and the forest fires are destined slowly but surely to divest the mountains of Santa Cruz of much of their beauty. What a crime it is to destroy those trees! I remember seeing some men cutting down a kingly redwood in those mountains one day. After the tree had fallen one of the men turned to me and said, "What to do you think of that job?" "Well," I replied, "I feel as though I were an accessory to a murder." And so I did.

Fishing by Proxy

But California is destined to pay dearly for such crimes. 'Twill not be long before the destruction of her forests will so seriously interfere with the rainfall that her agricultural interests will suffer most fearfully. To see huge redwoods, hundreds of years old, cut up for fence posts and rails is not conducive to equanimity of spirit.

Disciples of Izaak Walton will find much pleasure in whipping the streams of the Santa Cruz mountains. They must needs be better fishermen than I, however, else they will not get a full basket. Still, I did pretty well myself, before I got through. A young Chinese lad, whom I ran across in one of the little mountain hamlets, volunteered to catch trout for me by the day—for a consideration. After that the thing was easy. Ting-a-ling-a-ring-chow, or whatever his name was, would sally forth with an alder switch, a cheap cotton line and a can of angle worms, and catch rainbow trout by the dozen. I gave him my flies and rods and things when I came away. I afterward heard that he traded the pole for a jackknife and, after cutting off the hooks, made a necklace of the feathery flies for a little girl of the neighborhood! He did not even experiment with the fancy fishing outfit. He was a wise heathen, that one.

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Through the Santa Cruz range lies the trail by which General John C. Fremont reached the coast. I climbed up the old trail one day to the top of the ridge from which the old general first saw the Pacific. The climb was a rough and tedious one, and the fact that I could stand when the top was reached, demonstrated to my own satisfaction that there was plenty of reserve force in me, even though I was in search of health. As I stood there gazing out over the lovely landscape and saw in the distance the shimmering bay of Monterey, I could understand Fremont's emotions when he said, "That is the most beautiful picture I ever saw!"

The big tree grove of the Santa Cruz mountains is well worth a visit, if one has never seen those monster redwoods—*sequoia sempervirens*—though they are small compared with those of Calaveras county—the original big trees—*sequoia gigantea*.



One should not leave San Francisco without riding upon the Scenic Railway to the summit of Mount Tamalpais. This railroad is accessible via the Sausalito ferry. The road passes through the pretty little town of Mill Valley, at which place



SAN FRANCISCO BAY FROM MT. TAMALPAIS,
SHOWING BOW-KNOT LOOP OF THE SCENIC RAILWAY.

The King of Clubs

the Scenic Railway proper begins. A short distance from Mill Valley the hills below Tamalpais are reached and the railway begins its winding way up the mountains. In and out among the slopes it winds, upward, ever upward, until Mount Tamalpais itself is surmounted and the train comes to a standstill near the little mountain inn where tourists are wont to refresh the inner man. Then comes that ambitious climb on foot to the very peak. And well rewarded is he who climbs. Spread out before him in the distance is a view of San Francisco and its harbor that cannot be excelled. As the city and its surroundings are most picturesque, the beauty of the scene may be imagined. The loveliness of the scenery and the delightful air of the mountain top make one regret the clanging of the locomotive bell that warns visitors that the time for the return trip has arrived.



Fortunate, indeed, is the stranger in Frisco who has the opportunity of visiting the Bohemian club. I shall always recall the few hours spent within its hospitable walls as among the pleasantest of my sojourn upon the Pacific coast. My friend, Dr. George Chismore, is the best of hosts, and

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his extensive acquaintance among the members of the club enables him to enact the rôle of entertainer to perfection.

Who does not know that the brains and the talent of the city of San Francisco are enrolled in its world-famed Bohemian club? Who has not heard of those wonderful "High Jinks" and "Low Jinks" that characterize its various festal occasions?

For its art features alone, the club is well worth visiting. Upon the walls hang pictures that would delight the most captious critic and enchant a connoisseur. And nearly all of these pictures are the work of members of the club! The first—and oft-times the best—work of many a man who is now not unknown to fame adorns these walls. Not a few talented young artists have been discovered within the walls of this king of clubs. There is not a nook or corner of this brightest spot in all Bohemia that does not contain something artistic, educational or amusing. I look back upon my all too brief visit to the San Francisco Bohemian club with the pleasantest of recollections, and a keen regret that I cannot accept the cordial invitation extended to me as I unwillingly said good-bye, to "drop in often."



Chinatown

He who visits Frisco and does not visit Chinatown, misses the most entertaining and instructive feature of the city. Chinatown is located in what was once the most fashionable quarter of San Francisco. Dupont street, the present center of the Chinese quarter, was in days gone by a swell residence street. Slowly but surely the Mongolian aliens encroached upon that aristocratic domain until the wealthy white people were compelled to seek more congenial quarters. Externally, most of the buildings are just as they were when the whites left them to the yellow-skinned invaders. A few buildings, however, have been built by the Chinamen themselves and show the Mongolian stamp in their architecture.

The Chinaman is a natural tradesman, and his shops in this quarter are run on strictly business principles. The Six Companies control some of the more important stores. The array of curious and beautiful things in the shops of Chinatown is simply bewildering. As for the prices, bargain days in our own dry goods houses suffer by comparison.

To me, the Chinese quarter was most fascinating. I spent evening after evening in roaming about among the stores and shops. My only regret was that my trunk was not of unlimited capacity, so that I might carry away more souvenirs.

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In passing I will state that I have never in my experience met with more refined and cultured gentlemen than some of the representatives of the Six Companies who are engaged in business in Chinatown. Affability, urbanity and square dealing are to be met with on every hand. Shopping in the various stores is a pleasure and a most profitable experience as well. As much cannot be said of all Caucasian shops in our large cities.

On one occasion while visiting Chinatown, I was fortunate enough to be present at a birthday celebration given by a wealthy Chinese merchant to his friends—both Oriental and American. A very elaborate supper was served to a large party of American ladies and gentlemen in a special apartment. The main dining-room of the restaurant was devoted to the entertainment of the host's Chinese friends.

The quaint dishes and odd customs of the Chinese on such occasions have been oft described, and were quite familiar to me, but I confess that I picked up some points in after-dinner speaking that were very novel. So far as I could glean through the frantic and somewhat incoherent explanatory efforts of my Chinese guide, the speeches were all eulogistic of the host. There was nothing striking about this, but to my edification the orators spoke in pairs. They spoke "at" each

Post-prandial Chinese

other, and as the oratorical display was going on at each and every table simultaneously, the result may be imagined. The tower of Babel was a pensive whisper beside it. To my untrained ear the theme was "Allee chop chop," with variations. Funny stories seemed to be circulating all over the room, and, so far as I could judge, were being received and appreciated in bunches. Let it not be said that the Chinaman has no sense of humor. If I read the signs aright, Joe Miller and dear old Rabelais together couldn't have equaled those stories. I listened until my brain began to whirl as it never does save when reading editorials in the—well, a certain, or, rather, uncertain, medical journal, and then called for a change of venue. I made an attempt to say good-night to my host, but he had furnished something original in the entertainment line by leaving his guests to their fate—that is, to the speeches—and had gone to burn punk over the remains of a deceased uncle or to some similar diversion.



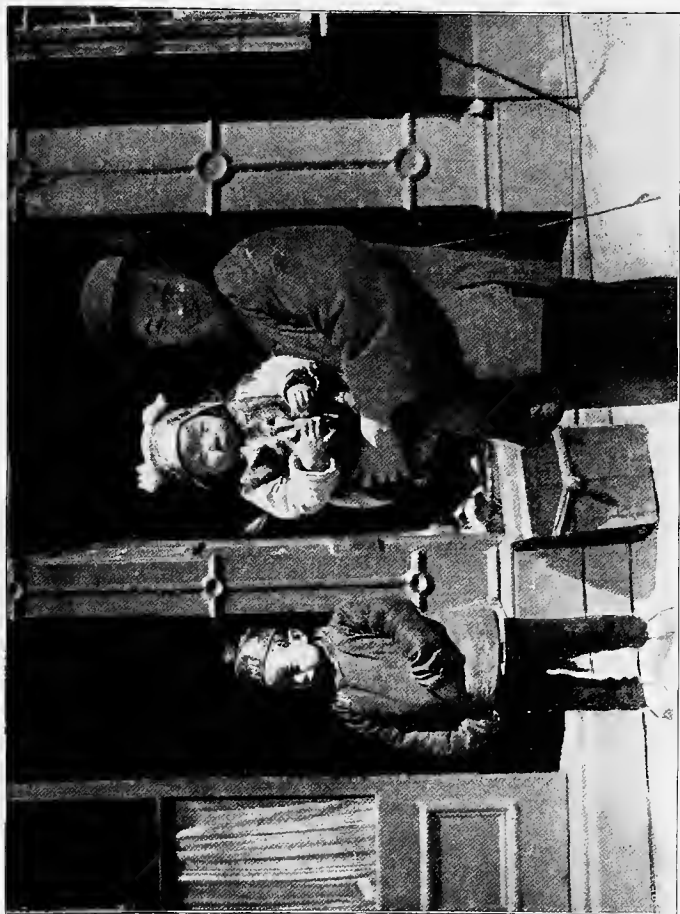
All hail to thee, oh Chinatown! Thou art truly a paradise. Amid all thy one-string fiddles, breastpin banjos and resonant tom-toms there are

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no discords. All is a harmony of sweet sounds, for ragtime is a thing unknown in Celestial music. Sharks' fins, birds' nests, incense and no ragtime—what would you? But what do I see? A Chinese division of the Salvation Army, as I live! Alas! 'tis the fly in the apothecary's ointment.



I had heard much of the difficulty of obtaining photographs of the denizens of Chinatown. I went down one day armed with a camera and bent on a keen pursuit of the elusive pagan, with little hope of success. My later regret was that I had not taken more films with me. The children were, it is true, afraid of the mysterious box in many instances, but on the whole I and my machine were well received. It was amusing to see some of the children elude my snapshots. I would gaze up at the buildings and away from the object of my attention, looking as innocent the while as only a Chicago doctor can look, while I cautiously attempted to get a focus; but it was no use; the little rascals would disappear in the doorways like so many prairie dogs. When-



A LITTLE MERCHANT AND A YELLOW TERROR.

Placating Yellow Terrors

ever the little fellows were chaperoned by a "big slister"—who was generally several sizes too small for the rôle—she made it her business to drag her charges out of danger, and usually succeeded in stampeding the whole party. In one instance, however, a little boy was an exception to the rule and made strenuous endeavors to stand for his picture. His chaperon would have none of it, and fought the ambitious youngster to a decided finish, but—I got the picture just the same—and 'twas unfit for publication. I noticed that the adult Chinese were amused rather than affronted by the spectacle, which led me to conclude that the wariness of the children was largely due to natural timidity fostered by mamma's counsel against dallying with the guileful "Melican man" and his "ways that are dark." And so I at once opened negotiations with my genial friend, Li Ching Lung, a merchant who had sold me sundry goods and chattels with profit to himself and pleasure to me. From my subsequent experience I am inclined to believe that, with an oily smile and a ten-cent piece, one can capture photographs in Chinatown as long as his money holds out. John Chinaman is a thoroughly good fellow on the average, and quite as susceptible to the seduc-

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tions of the universal language, "smiles and silver," as any more civilized individual. He has the merit of business thrift without the inordinate greed of his Caucasian brother.



The Chinese quarter of San Francisco is suggestive that some of our pet theories of hygiene and sanitation are fallacious. Huddled together within a few squares are 30,000 of our yellow "men and brothers." The houses are tumble-down and poorly ventilated, the streets narrow and crowded with shops of all sorts and descriptions, and the quarter altogether unhealthful in appearance. Odors both strange and familiar are here curiously blended. The not unpleasant incense of joss sticks is by no means completely lost amid the vapors and malodorous emanations from decaying fruit and the odds and ends of fish, flesh and fowl of the Chinese markets, but it is hardly a factor of redemption, certainly not of disinfection. The living and sleeping apartments of the lower class denizens of this highly flavored quarter can hardly be called homes. They are dens and burrows, pure and simple—or shall I say impure and complex? Huddled together in windowless tenements or

Chinese Paradoxes

basements are hundreds of Orientals to whom fresh air and sunshine are seemingly non-essentials, or even accidental features of existence. Such air as they breathe is opium-tainted and tobacco-flavored. Still, these Chinamen thrive and wax fat, thus setting our pet theories at naught. Yet, after all, the tenement houses of our large cities offer many Caucasian parallels. The doctor, as he plods his weary rounds, oft stumbles over dirty tenement house "kids" playing in the mud, who are as healthy as so many young puppies, and, as he passes on his way to visit the pampered sick child of some wealthy family, he marvels at the blooming health of the "better dead."



And Chinatown is a bundle of paradoxes. The scrupulous attention that the Chinaman gives his person is a case in point. The Chinese barber is a man of many duties—a tonsorial Pooh Bah, as it were. I was especially impressed with the scraping process to which the occasional Chinaman submits his conjunctival mucous membrane. He stoically sits in a low chair whilst the barber passes a sharp, narrow, thin-bladed knife beneath each lid in succession, sweeping it back and forth

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between ball and lid several times and, apparently, scraping the mucous membrane most thoroughly. The deftness of the operator would edify an ophthalmologist, and the stoicism of his patrons is to be commended to the clientèle of our eye and ear infirmary.

My guide, an Oriental whose knowledge of Pigeon English fell just short of amnesic aphasia—as we doctors call that condition in which a fellow knows just what he wants to say and can't find words to express it—assured me that the scraping process was “belly good f' Chinaman's li.”



The Chinaman is supposed by many to have no sense of humor. This is an error, for his bump of humor is well developed. He is also a satirist of no mean order. It is not always safe to poke fun at him. I recall an amusing incident which showed that the gay Caucasian sometimes gets pretty badly worsted in playing with the almond-eyed alien. While doing Chinatown one evening, I incidentally dropped in upon my friend Sing Fat, who has one of the best appointed and most interesting shops in that quaintest portion of the city. I was engaged in conversation with the pro-

Yellow Dignity

prietor, who is a very refined and well educated gentleman, when a "smart Aleck" eastern tourist, who, in company with some admiring friends, was also doing the Chinese quarter, stepped up and interrupted with, "Hi, John, you gottee rat pies allee samee?" Whereat my Mongolian friend did make reply: "Please be kind enough to speak to my interpreter there at the desk, sir. I speak only English and Chinese."

Which reminds me of a Mongolian waiter who presided over my gastronomic destinies on the Carpallo. No one seemed to know the Celestial's patronymic. He was variously styled, according to the moral bent of the passengers, "Ah Sin," "Gin Fizz," "Ah Funk," "Wun Lung," and other euphonious alleged Oriental cognomens. Whether or not it was because he was especially "childlike and bland," or more than usually slant-eyed, and consequently innocent-looking, I cannot say, but I was wont to address him as "Wan Lee the Pagan," thus at once honoring him by naming him after one of Bret Harte's heroes and giving him a name sufficiently comprehensive. Wan Lee was patient and long-suffering, and therefore non-committal, for some days. But the worm will turn, and so will a Chinaman—as the world is just now willing to acknowledge. Wan Lee turned

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upon me one day and said, in a tone of mingled reproach and scorn that quite overwhelmed me, "You no callee me Wan Lee; callee me Cholly! Me no Plagan; me allee samee Mlethodist churchee. Me Chlistian. Sabe?"



The weather had changed, and for some days it had been raining. Let me state here that, while California is a pretty dry country for most of the year, when the rain does begin it attends strictly to business. It "rains rain" out there, as sundry damp and painful recollections of days gone by prove to my own satisfaction. Notwithstanding the weather, however, I determined to start for the mountains. My wander days were drawing to an end and I was anxious to devote as much time as possible to the scenes of my boyhood.

I took the steamer for Stockton, with the double object of shortening my journey by rail so far as possible and seeing something of the Valley of the Sacramento. In the old days one was compelled to take the steamer unless he preferred to swim or walk. The steamboat company had a nice little monopoly. When I came down from the mountains many years ago en route for "the

Up the San Joaquin

states," the fare on the steamer was \$25. On this occasion the fare was twenty-five cents for the all-night ride. What sweet revenge!

The major part of the steamer route to Stockton lies up the San Joaquin river, a stream that is insignificant enough during the dry season, but which in the early spring is formidable enough to make a decided impression of its capacity for evil upon the beholder. The inhabitants of the valley could a tale unfold anent this point. The San Joaquin is noted, firstly, for having once been the crookedest navigable stream in the world, and, secondly, for the size and number of its mosquitoes. The river has been straightened considerably of late, but in former years the passengers were in constant fear lest the boat run into the bank, which was always dead ahead.

The average tenderfoot is likely to mistake the mosquito of the San Joaquin for a fine, toothsome variety of snipe or woodcock, and long for a gun. And small wonder, for he is truly a "bird." He is a buzzard, a hawk and a screech-owl all in one. He certainly is not an insect, unless the tsetse fly is indigenous to the tule beds, or it is possible to cross the spicy yellow-jacket and the tarantula. Oh, yes, I know him!



Panama and the Sierras

As I walked about the streets of the pretty little city of Stockton, it was hard to realize that it was once thronged with miners who had come down from the hill country to spend their golden ounces and procure supplies for their camps. Quiet, staid and up-to-date the city is now. I wonder what some of the forty-niners would say if they could return and view the trolley cars, electric lights and natural gas plant of the Stockton of to-day.

Stockton was the scene of an amusing incident in the career of my old-time friend, Bill Starrett, the jolliest happy-go-lucky I ever knew. Bill and his friend, Tom Dyer, were stranded—flat broke. They were strangers in the town and things looked mighty blue. Their assets consisted of a large and variegated assortment of nerve, a silver watch and a two-bit piece. Tom was in despair. There was no joy for him anywhere. Bill, however, was a man of resources. "Stop yer kickin', Tom," said he. "We've got stuff enough fer a couple o' drinks, an' that's pretty good. Come on; let's licker." Whereupon the two worthies started for the nearest saloon.

Leaning against the window of the saloon and staring thirstily at the bottles within, was a tough-looking specimen of a miner who had evidently been seeing the tiger and had gotten the worst of

A Genuine Wild Man

the encounter. His shock of red hair was long and unkempt. His beard extended to his eyes and swept his chest in tangled masses. His shirt-sleeves and trousers were far too short for decency and his shirt devoid of buttons, whilst his hat and shoes were well-nigh imaginary. The most peculiar feature of all was the fact that wherever his skin was exposed it showed a covering of thick red hair.

"Holy smoke, Bill!" exclaimed Tom, as he caught sight of the phenomenon; "Look at the wild man!"

Bill looked the fellow over and cried, "By the eternal, Tom, that's the very feller I've been lookin' fer! Come with me."

Approaching the apparition Bill said, "My friend, would ye like a glass o' beer?"

The hairy one allowed that he would, and the party entered the saloon. Bill spent his last cent for the beer and then opened negotiations in this wise:

"Say, we're the advance agents o' Barnum's circus and we're lookin' fer talent. How'd ye like a job?"

"Well, I dunno but I'd like ter git one fust rate. What kind of a job mout it be?"

"Why," said Bill, getting ready to run, "we'd like ter git y'u fer a wild man."

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Whether it was a case of "necessity knows no law," or because his finer sensibilities were blunted by the beer, I cannot say, but the fellow took kindly to the proposition.

The two worthies now pawned the old watch and started out to do business. Bill's palaver got them credit for a week's rental from the owner of an old ramshackle store that happened to be vacant. By similar wheedling at a costumer's, he rented the costume of General Boum in the Grand Duchess. With the money procured by pawning the watch a painter was employed and the front of the proposed show building decorated with a huge sign reading, "The celebrated wild man of Tahiti now on exhibition. Advance show of Barnum's circus. Admission four bits."

The wild man was stripped to the buff and a breech clout put upon him. Around his waist was clasped a huge belt. To this was attached a heavy chain secured to the floor by a big staple.

After thus preparing his exhibit, Bill said, "Now, my friend, all you've got ter do is ter growl an' tug at the chain. Y'u kin have all the tobacker an' licker ye want, so jest feel as good as ye darn please;" then, in an aside, "Tom, keep the cuss loaded."

A Rickety Road

Bill now donned his gaudy costume and started out to arouse the town. He was preceded by a small boy whom he had employed to beat a drum. How the boy did pound, and how Bill orated, as they went about the streets announcing to all and sundry the arrival of Barnum's Wild Man, the place of exhibition and the price of admission! By the time Bill got back to the show, people were tumbling over each other in their eagerness to see the wonder.

The boys cleaned up several hundred dollars on the deal and would probably have made a tour of the country with their find, had he not developed a capacity for liquor that was a menace to the future prosperity of their show business. Besides, he became unduly inflated over the attention he received and was consequently hard to handle.



Recalling the discomforts of the days when stages afforded the only means of transportation to the Sierras, the prospect of traveling up country by rail was pleasing. But, after having tried the latter method, my preference is for the old-fashioned stage. Of all the rickety roads I have ever seen, the Sierra railway is the worst. To

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accentuate its toughness, the heavy rains had so softened the roadbed that the train ran in an undulating fashion, the mud yielding under the ties and rails with an audible "squash" as the wheels rolled over them. Here and there, portions of the road had been washed out and getting across without being derailed required some fine maneuvering. Get across we did, however, and in due time arrived at the historic town of Chinese Camp, Tuolumne county, my first stop en route to my old home in the hills.

In the early days of mining in California, Chinese was the center of a wide area of placer diggings. For some reason or other the town was very popular with the Chinese, large numbers of whom took up their residence there. This was the origin of the name of the place. Even to-day, an old guide post may be seen upon the road from Copperopolis to Chinese Camp on which is painted the picture of a Chinese miner and his pack with the inscription, "Me go Chinese Camp 3 mile 1 halp." This, it is said, was erected by the miners of a rival town as a satiric recommendation of the camp.

When the Chinese first invaded Tuolumne county, they excited considerable discussion among the Indians, many of whom remained in that section of the state long after the whites had prac-

Chinese Camp

tically dispossessed them of their homes. It was held by some of the red men that the features, hair and color of the Chinese proved them to be Indians. It was claimed that the queue was merely an exaggerated scalp-lock. Others insisted that the queer-looking strangers were not Indians, nor even akin to the red man. The controversy ran high and great dissension arose. The question was finally settled in this wise: Quoth the Indians, in solemn pow-wow assembled, "If yellow face man Injun, him heap swim. If no Injun, him heap no swim." And then they proceeded to lay for the almond-eyed alien, "without process, or warrant, or color of law." A party of Indians chancing to meet two luckless Chinamen crossing the Tuolumne on a rude footbridge, straightway proceeded to make a test case of them. The verdict was, "Yellow man no Injun. Heap no can swim."

Chinese Camp was once a lively, bustling town. The hum of honest industry was continually heard, the aforesaid hum being represented by the clink of the miner's ounces, the rattle of chips and the shuffling of cards upon the gaming tables, variegated by an occasional shot from the pistol of somebody or other who had little breath to waste in argument. How are the mighty fallen! Poor old Chinese! The streets are deserted, and

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the night I was there the only noise that broke the peaceful quiet of the mountain air was the music of a merry-go-round. The little churchyard on the hill speaks volumes on the change from the old to the new. There lie the sturdy pioneers who made this camp in its palmy days a scene of bustle and activity punctuated with "accidents." They died young, for the most part, did those early settlers. The crumbling little headstones tell the story. Inscriptions such as these are not rare in Sierran graveyards:

"Here lies the body of John Williams, aged 25 years. Murdered in Big Oak Flat. Mar. 10, 1850."

"Sacred to the memory of Peter Walker. Died Jan. 1, 1852, aged 40 years. Stabbed in Coulterville."

Note the reflection on other towns. The really good citizen was wont to go away to be killed.



About eight miles from Chinese, on the Milton and Copperopolis road, is Byrne's ferry over the Stanislaus river. The term ferry is a little far-fetched at the present day, for a substantial bridge has recently been erected over the site of the old



TABLE MOUNTAIN, ON THE STANISLAUS.

Table Mountain

ferry. The scenery at this point is among the grandest in California. Here may be seen to the best advantage that wonderful volcanic formation known as Table Mountain. This was originally formed by a mass of lava that flowed into the channel of an ancient river, extending for a distance of twenty miles in Tuolumne county. It also traverses a corner of Calaveras county. Nowhere does it show its characteristic conformation so well as at Byrne's ferry.

The hills that once bounded and confined the river of lava have been washed and worn down for hundreds of feet, leaving the bold and vertical sides of the lava bed in such form that it is now itself a mountain, the top of which is truly a tableland. Through a rift in Table Mountain the Stanislaus River has forced its way, until it is now a swift-running and most picturesque stream. Standing upon the banks of the Stanislaus one can see, away up on the mountain side, several miles distant, circling rings of blue smoke that mark the location of the celebrated Alta mine. Plunging over the edge of Table Mountain may be seen in the early spring a silvery ribbon of a waterfall. High up on the side of a green-wooded mountain opposite Table Mountain emerges another waterfall. These cataracts fall hundreds of feet. They fall until, despite their volume, which is consider-

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able, they vanish in feathery spray. The rays of the sun striking the falling spray make beautiful rainbows. At the foot of every rainbow is in very truth a pot of gold.

High up among the crags on the side of Table Mountain may be seen little white moving dots. These are young buzzards. Like the parent birds, distance lends them an interest and beauty not all their own.

In the early days of mining in California, a lode of exceedingly rich auriferous gravel was found in the ancient river bed beneath the lava deposit of Table Mountain. Tunnels were drifted into it in every direction, tapping many paying strata. The flats and gulches in the vicinity were all found to be very rich and were thoroughly worked out.



Chinese boasts a brick hotel, once a famous and prosperous hostelry indeed. It was formerly kept by Count Solinsky, who was agent for Wells, Fargo & Co. for thirty-five years. The genial count is gone. Several landlords have come and gone since he left Chinese, but none were so suave, none so popular as he. In the good old days when the town was prosperous, the honors, so far

Characters at Chinese

as popularity went, were about evenly divided between the Count and kind old Dr. Lampson, the medical wiseacre of the place. The good old doctor has long since passed away, but the few old settlers who still remain remember him as their best friend and wisest counselor. But the present Boniface is himself "some pumpkins." Six feet three in his stockings, and weighing three hundred pounds, composed mainly of oleaginous good-nature, he is an ideal host. So cheerful is he that one feels glad to have him present his bill.

Let it be understood that connoisseurs of female beauty are wont to linger in Chinese Camp. The belle of Tuolumne county presides over the festive board at the hotel. Sweet, sweet Mame! What a flood of tender recollections—I never ordered steak—surge through my brain as I recall her blithe and saucy air and winsome ways. How bird-like the trill in her musical voice as she gave my order for two fried eggs, "not turned"—

"I say, Chimmie, eggs twice, white wings, sunny side up!"

I found but one old-timer whom I knew at Chinese, Archie MacLean, a sturdy old relic of the days when "miners wuz miners, an' don't yer fer-git it."

Often when I meet such relics of the glorious days that are gone, I am tempted to believe that

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they live in constant expectation of a renaissance of the gold fever. They have an all-abiding faith in the auriferous productiveness of the country, and believe that rich finds must be struck again sooner or later. "The gold that wuz dug outen them gulches, an' creeks, an' river bottoms, must ha' come from somewhar', an' somebody's bound to strike it some day."

And the faith of the old-timers of Tuolumne is not without foundation. The mother lode, as the main fissure vein of gold is called, runs for many miles through Tuolumne and Calaveras counties. Somewhere or other among the mountains is the source of all the placer gold that has been taken out of the Tuolumne valley. One of my boyish dreams was to one day find this hidden source of the gold which I saw the miners digging, and become a Cræsus.

No one would suspect from the latter-day poverty of the soil in the gulches and valleys of the old placer mining regions that gold was ever found there in quantity sufficient to pay for working it. Every foot of the soil, however, has been worked over three or four times, with ever decreasing profit. After the white men got through, coolies in the employ of the Six Companies were set to work to clean up what

A Reminiscence

gold was left. There was then not enough to tempt a white man to bother with the dirt, but the Chinese, who live on next to nothing, found sufficient to pay them good wages. A Chinaman can live on what a white miner overlooks, but heaven help the man who follows the Chinaman. He will have pretty poor picking. The Chinese have effectively cleaned up every gold-bearing gulch in California. 'Twould be a very energetic hen that could scratch out a grain of gold in those formerly rich spots.

'Twas at Chinese Camp that an incident occurred, many years ago, which very nearly made a half orphan of yours truly. My father was the legal "Pooh Bah" of Jacksonville, and with a single deputy had gone to Chinese to round up several desperadoes. They took with them in lieu of a "Black Maria," a stout hay wagon. Among other men who were ticketed for a free ride to the Stockton bastille was a huge Coolie who was wanted for murder. My father had the wagon driven down to the Chinese quarter, and having located his man proceeded to arrest him. Now, Mr. Coolie was a very powerful man and chock full of fight, and my respected sire soon had his hands full. But after a few minutes' tussle the two men went down, the Coolie underneath. He was rap-

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idly being choked into submission when the deputy suddenly cried out, "Look out there, old man; look behind you!"

My father turned and saw, not three yards away, toddling toward him as fast as her queer little feet would permit, a Chinese woman brandishing a big two-handed sword, with the pleasant intention of cutting off his head while he was too busy to notice her approach! Keeping one hand on the Coolie's throat he drew and cocked his six-shooter with the other and aimed it at the oncoming female. She gave one frightened look at the gun and then the woman came to the surface. She dropped the sword and toddled away, shrieking like a Comanche, leaving her Coolie friend, who was now thoroughly submissive, to be tied hand and foot and bundled into the wagon.



Over a winding up-and-down road, between lofty green-mantled mountains and past sweet-smelling fields ablaze with poppies and bedecked with blue-bells, to Jacksonville, my native town.—How strange it seemed to return to my birthplace after so many years. And I did not go back with drums beating and colors flying either. The stage driver



WHERE MY WORLD BEGAN.

Where My World Began

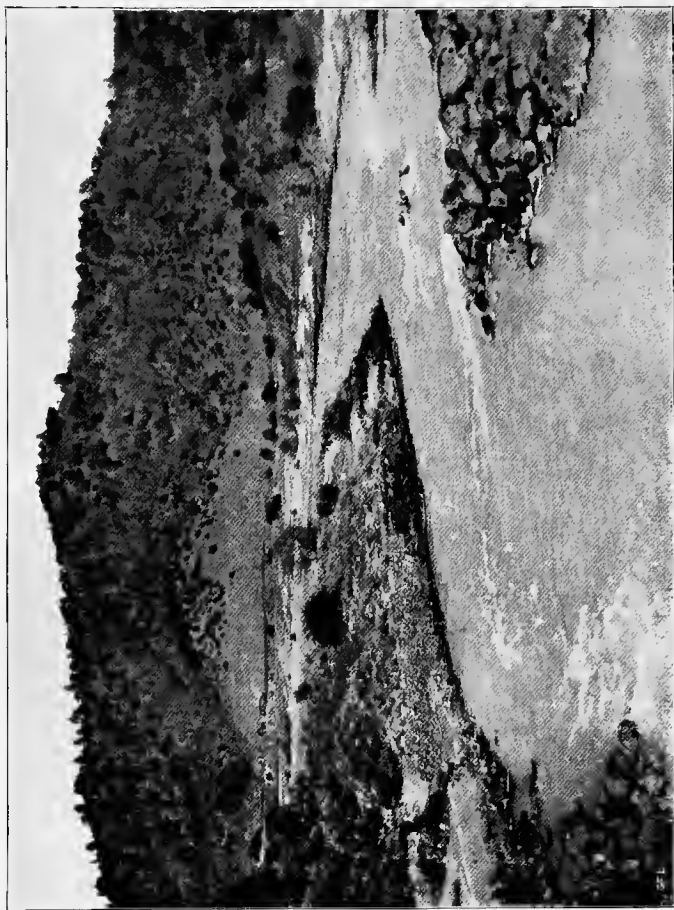
dumped me and my belongings down at a cross-road, saying that he never crossed the creek, but there was a footbridge and I could get across all right. As I had ridden out of town in state when I left the place, the prospect of returning in the rôle of "Dusty Rhodes" was not pleasing. But I pretended to like it, shouldered my grip and tackled the foot bridge. 'Twas thus the wanderer returned.—

How everything had changed! When Jacksonville was in its prime it was the most noted mining town in Tuolumne. At one time it had three thousand inhabitants and now—well, there are twenty-four houses in the town, and some of them are unoccupied. Ah, but that dear old town is abundantly peopled by ghosts! Boston Pete, Dixie, Mexico, Big Brown, Klamath Joe, Poker Jim, Toppy—heroes of my boyhood—gone, all gone. And the few old-timers that were left seemed to have forgotten me. When I introduced myself they simply stared blankly. The nearest I came to being recognized was when I found an old fellow who remembered my dog, Diamond, a famous hunter, known throughout all the mountains. I recalled poor old Rip Van Winkle and his dog Schneider, whom nobody remembered, and was consoled. I finally met an old fellow who was postmaster in the old days and was fa-

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miliar with the spelling of my name. He remembered me at once. In introducing me to his wife, however, he said, "Mary, this is Dr. Litz." He immediately corrected himself, but the mystery was explained. It suddenly flashed upon me that those old miners never knew that my father ever had any other name than the nickname given him by his fellow pioneers, in accordance with the miners' custom, immediately upon his arrival in the country. Taking the hint I reintroduced myself to the old settlers. That my welcome was a warm one is one of the pleasantest recollections of my visit.

In its early days Jacksonville was known far and wide as the location of wonderfully rich placer mines. Its location is most picturesque. Wild and crude it always was and now is, but I have never seen a prettier spot than that wild canyon among the foothills of the glorious Sierras, where, at the junction of the historic Wood's creek and the Tuolumne River—"the meeting of the waters"—nestles my native town. Peopled in my childhood's days with as cosmopolitan and heterogeneous a population as was ever gathered together within the confines of one small town, the place was to be remembered for its novelty, if for nothing more.



LOOKING DOWN THE TUOLUMNE—JACKSONVILLE IN THE DISTANCE.

Memories

Ages and ages of heavy rainfall, with alternately rising and receding waters in the river and creek, and centuries of melting snows on the majestic mountains above, had washed down into the valley of the Tuolumne those auriferous particles the great abundance of which made the Jacksonville of old spring into busy life and prosperity almost in a single day.

But the very elements that laid the alluring foundation of the valley's wealth eventually avenged the rifling of its golden stores by the irreverent hands of the modern Argonauts. There came a very heavy rainfall, in the latter part of the winter of 1860 and the spring of 1861. The terrific downpour of rain and the melting snows from the Sierras caused a freshet that inundated the valley and almost wiped Jacksonville out of existence. I recall the terrors of that awful flood as though it were but yesterday. Very few houses were left standing. One of these chanced to be our own little cottage. My father saved it by passing a rope through a door and window and making it fast to a tree on the side of a hill above the town. The house stood triumphant until five years ago, when another freshet came along and swept it down the river. One of two large fig trees that stood in our front yard is still alive

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and thriving. It is now a huge old veteran, and when I last saw it was loaded with fruit.

The Tuolumne River is a variable stream, and in the dry season is but a thin, silvery ribbon across which one can almost walk dry shod in places. In the late spring and early summer it is a swift-running, laughing stream of exquisite beauty. It is difficult to believe that it ever becomes a raging, pitiless torrent. Yet in the rainy season it may at any time bring death, destitution and misery to that beautiful valley. As I stooped at the river bank and drank of the pure, cold water from the melting Sierran snows, the memory of that awful time in the long ago came back to me all too vividly, and in fancy I could once more see the invincible torrent that practically engulfed the little town and ruined its rich placers.

I do not claim that my native town presented in early times an ideal state of civilization. But, despite occasional incidents where "bloodshed alone could atone for some trifling misstatement," life and property were safer there than in many more pretentious communities at the present day. A sense of personal responsibility made the French the politest of all nations. It was the soul that beat back the waves of shot and shell that hailed upon the flower of the old South on many a bloody



AH BING ARRAYED IN HIS BEST.

Old Landmarks

battlefield. A similar spirit of self-assertion and personal responsibility pervaded the Tuolumne valley and raised its average moral standard above that of many a metropolis of a more vicious and effete civilization.

Warm-hearted and impulsive, honest, courageous, fiery-tempered, quick-triggered Argonauts of the Tuolumne valley—heroes of my boyhood and friends of my later years—a health to those of you who still live, and peace to the ashes of those who have laid down the pick and pan forever and inspected their sluice boxes for the last time. When the final “clean-up” comes, may the “find” be full of nuggets, sixteen dollars and better to the ounce.

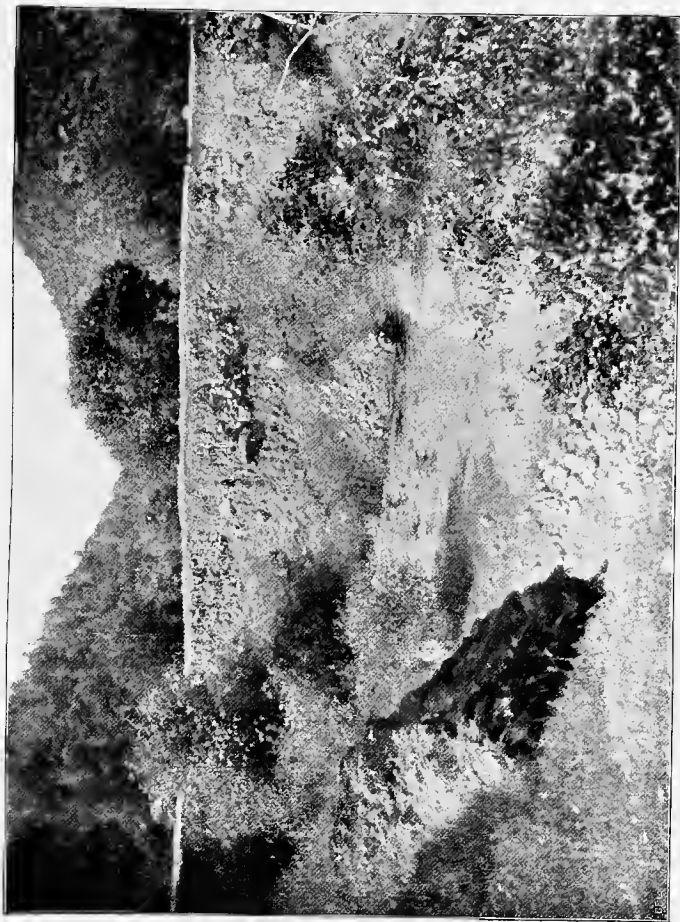
Of the old-time buildings in Jacksonville but three remain. The combined inroads of freshets and ambitious miners have swept away the river side of the single street. A typic miner’s cabin, built in 1850, stands on the hill above the street, lonely and deserted, as a monument to the old régime.

But there are many other familiar landmarks. The Sheet Anchor ranch, once owned by an uncle of mine, is marked by a little old shanty, built and occupied by an aged Chinaman, a pioneer of the early 50’s. The lumber used in its construction came from my uncle’s deserted house, which

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was almost destroyed by fire a few years ago. The old Chinaman is a quaintly picturesque character. Many tourists have tried to get the old man's picture, but without success. The old fellow remembered me, however, and consented to allow me to take his photograph. To my disgust he insisted on dressing up for the occasion. He rushed into his cabin, changed his hat for one of a different kind of decrepitude and came forth with a cardigan jacket in his hand. He removed his tattered coat, put on the jacket and then donned his coat again, buttoning it closely around him. Thus arrayed, Ah Bing was serenely conscious of being the proper thing.

Another old landmark is the ruins of Toppy's cabin. Toppy was the special friend of my childhood. Our friendship began when he pulled me out of a mud-bank one day, and was firmly cemented when he went back later and dug up my first pair of red-topped boots, that had been pulled off my feet by the sticky mud. No one knew much of Toppy's history. He had an education; he was a good fellow; he could swing a pick with the best of them, and shoot—well, he could shoot well enough to make him respected. That the rough old fellow was good to little boys, the painful memory of sundry indigestions due to the goodies he used to buy for me whenever



AN OLD TIME TUOLUMNE PLACER.

An Abandoned Placer

he went to Frisco, amply testifies. I asked after my old friend, but he was forgotten, save by one or two old-timers. They said he was dead, but they had no idea where or when he died, as he had been gone from Jacksonville for many years.

To me the most interesting landmark in Tuolumne is an old abandoned placer mine on the bank of the river. My father worked this mine in '49 or '50. It was very rich, and had his thrift been equal to his industry, he need not have worked for the remainder of his life. But money went as easily as it came in those days of rich placers. The miners seemed to think they would never reach hard pan. But only too many of them reached it. Very few of the pioneer miners had anything to show for their labor and hardship when the bubble burst.

Time was when the town of Jacksonville supported several hotels. The old Empire, built by my grandfather, sturdy old Robert McCoun, was washed down the river in '61. The Tuolumne house was recently demolished to keep it from falling down. This was a far-famed hostelry in its day. Jacksonville is only about sixty miles from the Yosemite valley, and tourists formerly came directly through the town, almost invariably stopping en route. George Keyse, its old-time proprietor, was a noted character, a Boniface to

Decayed Grandeur

low just after a spring freshet, who attempted to ford the creek when the water was high. After passing the ford the old road skirted the Tuolumne river for about three miles to another ford at what was known as Stevens' Bar. Here the way lay across the river and up one of its tributaries, Moccasin creek. The route traversed by the road is an ever-changing panorama of picturesque beauty.

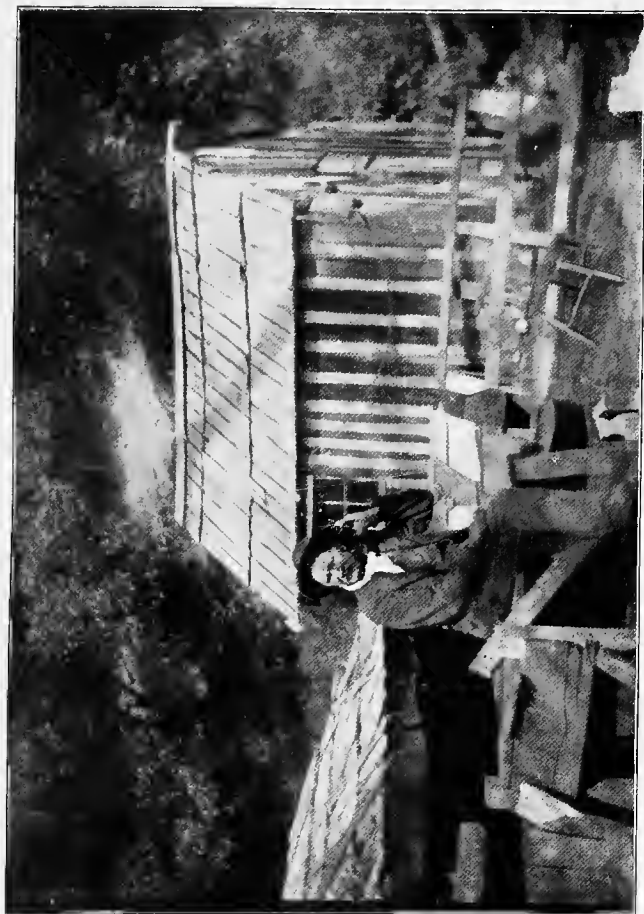
Stevens' Bar was probably the richest placer in all the state. Over \$2,000,000 was taken out of the bed of the river in the vicinity of the old ford. Since then the sand and gravel have been worked over and over until even a Chinaman couldn't find "color."

At the bar on the Jacksonville side stands a relic of former grandeur, that illustrates, perhaps better than any description could do, the fall in the fortunes of the placer mines. It is the ruin of what was once a palatial stone house. The builder, Charley Deering, expended about \$12,000 upon it. Here he kept a miners' exchange and conducted the ferry and toll foot bridge across the Tuolumne. He made a fortune of probably half a million dollars. A few years later all was changed. The placers became profitless, a new road to the Yosemite was built on the opposite side of the river and travelers were then inde-

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pendent of the Stevens' Bar ferry and footbridge. To accentuate the disaster to Deering's business venture, one Moffit built a toll bridge lower down the river, across the Tuolumne canyon. Charley succumbed to the inevitable, struck camp and went to Frisco, intending to live in comfort the rest of his days on the pile he had made at the ferry. But alas! the fates pursued him. He fell to speculating in stocks, went flat broke and died in an asylum for the insane. How pathetic the story of the old stone house. What dramas have been enacted within its walls. One can almost hear the clink of the golden ounces as the sturdy miners threw down their bags of buckskin to be weighed in exchange for coin. Nowhere did I feel the oppression of the wondrous change in the scenes of my childhood more than at Stevens' Bar. Desolate, deserted, beautiful, crumbling relic of the old régime, monument to the enterprise of the early pioneers, thou wert one of the palaces of my childish dreams. Thou art a sad memory of my later years.

At Moffit's bridge across the Tuolumne canyon is a picturesque little road-house. The builder of the bridge, after whom it was named, formerly lived here and did a thriving business with Yosemite tourists and travelers going to and from the towns and camps up the river. The bridge



"FRENCH TOM OF TUOLUMNE."

French Tom

was bought by the county a few years since and toll is no longer exacted. The road-house is now kept by a one-armed German, who, with his interesting family, is giving an illustration of people content with little. To my surprise he informed me that he was a former Chicagoan—North-sider, of course. Had I needed any evidence that the world is small, this coincidence would have afforded it.



Just opposite the mouth of Moccasin creek, on the right bank of the Tuolumne, stands a lonely, decrepit little cabin. The surrounding scenery is as beautiful as a dream of fairyland, but the spot is far too lonesome for human habitation, and too thronged with ghostly memories of by-gone days and my boyhood's friends to excite my admiration to the full. There, in that solitary hut, lives old Tom Hayes, the "French Tom" of '49. Solitude has no terrors for this octogenarian, and memory brings no ghosts to disturb his peaceful solitude. To him, the characters of long ago are ever present. They throng his reminiscences and are a part of his very self. They people his daily reveries and nightly dreams—they are still actualities in his life. Dear old Tom, was there ever such

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another character? And how glad the old man was to see me. He gave me a welcome the sincerity of which I could not question. How Tom and I reveled in reminiscences of the days when Stevens' Bar was a famous placer and Jacksonville a booming town. The old man remembered everybody of consequence who had ever lived in the Tuolumne valley, and his conversation was a veritable feast for me.

To the uninitiated, Tom's manner of living would be mysterious. Like the tramp, he has no visible means of support. But, as he says, "Two bits a day is enough, and that's not so hard to git." Tom's lines are set o' nights, and many is the fine fish he captures. When luck is with him he stops fishing till the catch is eaten. Tom does not fish for fun, but for provender. In the middle of the day he is usually to be seen sitting outside his lonely cabin, smoking an old dudeen and gazing out across the bar toward Moccasin Creek. Hour after hour he sits there dreaming, and apparently unconscious of his solitude. There is not a house in sight, and some day, not so far away, I fear, the old man will die there in his lonely cabin, and no one will know of his death for days and days. Such was the fate of old Colonel Buckner, one of the old-timers, who died in a cabin on Kanaka.

A Pioneer's Varns

Creek, away up in the hills back of Jacksonville, a few months before my visit. The dead man was not discovered for nearly a week.

Tom very rarely goes to town, nowadays. I asked him why, and he replied: "Well, sorr, Oi'm jist as good in me legs as iver Oi wuz, but, ye see, it's this way, sorr. There do be two saloons down there, an' the fellers that kapes thim is good frinds av moine. But whin Oi goes ter wan av thim, the feller that kapes the other wan gits jealous, an' there's the divil ter pay. So Oi jist kapes away altogether."

The old man has resources unsuspected by the casual observer. He is a miner to the manner born, and puts in some time each day upon his various "prospect holes." Once in a while he sells one to some tenderfoot, and then there is joy along the Tuolumne. His opinion of his mining ventures is expressed in his advice to me: "Don't ye iver touch 'em, Dr. Litz. There's not wan in foive hundred that's worth a dam, sorr." This, after he had vainly tried to interest me in some of his prospects.

Near the old pioneer's cabin a small boat may be seen upon the beach. Tom picks up many a two-bit piece conveying travelers from bank to

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bank of the Tuolumne, on their way to and from Big Oak Flat, Priest's, Coulterville and the Yosemite.

One morning as my old friend and I stood gazing across the river, he grew more than usually reminiscent. Pointing his finger at a boulder as big as a good-sized house, a short distance up Moccasin Creek, he said:

"Ivry toime Oi luk at that boulder, Oi think avould Big Brown—Dirty-Shirt Brown the bhoys called 'im. Ye see, Brown was a divil. He was a gret han' at poker, but, bedad, yez niver cud tell whin the blackguard was goin' ter cold deck yez. Minny's the toime he druv the gaff inter me. But we niver cud catch 'im at it, tho' we was on to him. But he was a foine feller, was Big Brown, an' we all loiked ter play cards wid him. Well, yer own Uncle Tom was settin' in a game wid Brown, an' me, an' a lot more av the bhoys wan noight, an' he got ter roastin' Brown. 'Brown,' says he, 'Oi'm gittin' more confidence in ye.' 'How's that?' says Brown. 'Well,' says Tom, 'Oi've found somethin' Oi can trust yez wid.' 'An' phats that?' says Brown. 'Oh, wid that big boulder up Moccasin Creek.'

"Spakin' av Brown," continued the old man, "did yez iver hear the sthory av his biled shirt? Well, ye see, 'twas this way. Some of the bhoys up



"FRENCH TOM'S" FERRY AT STEVEN'S BAR.

Brown's Biled Shirt

at Mokelume Hill was givin' a dance. A lot av our bhoys was goin' up, an' Big Brown said he was goin' along. Now, the bhoys wasn't shtuck on him goin'. They wanted to luk purty shwell, an' was afraid ould Brown cudn't stack up wid' em. Ye see, he didn't change his shirt, even on shpecial occasions, an' that's why we called 'im Dirty-Shirt Brown.

"There was no way out av it, so the bhoys made up their moinds ter make the 'besht av it, an' see if they cudn't fix him up. 'Brown,' says they, 'yer a foine, han'some man, but yez don't do yersilf justice, sorr. Yer the foineest man in this town, an' we want yer ter show up in great stoyle at the dance. Now, we want yer ter go down ter Sthockton an' git an illegant biled shirt, an' collar, an' necktie, an' things.' Afther some pursuadin' they got him ter go. When he came back he was luggin' the biled shirt an' other fixin's all done up noice an' toight in brown paper. He left the shtuff wid McGinnis, him that kipt the big boardin' house, do ye moind.

"Well, yer Uncle Tom goes up ter Brown an' says, says he, 'Lookee here, Brown, do ye shpose we're goin' ter let yez go up ter Mokelume wid that bale av whiskers on the face av yez? Why, nobody can see yer biled shirt! Come along wid me, now, an' git a shave.' So yer uncle takes ould Brown an' plants him in the barber's chair.

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"As soon as the barber gits ter work, Tom goes ter McGinnis' place an' tells th' ould fool that Brown wants his bundle. Mac gives it to him an' Tom takes it to the bhoys. They goes down ter the bank av the creek an' cuts a piece av shlate jist the soize av the shirt, takes out the shirt from the paper an' puts in the shlate. Then they tuck it back ter McGinnis.

"Now, ye see, there wasn't innny shtage up ter Mokelume, an' the boys had ter foot it. It's twelve moiles up there, over the hills, so it wasn't innny shnap. Av coorse, Brown didn't want ter put the biled shirt on before he got there, so he tucked the bundle under his arrum widout openin' it at all, an' pikes along up the road. Whin he got to Mokelume an' opened that bundle he was plumb spacheless fer a minute. Then he pulled his six-shooter an' tore 'round among the bhoys like a crazy man, lukin' fer the feller that played the thrick on him. But nobody iver tould him who it was. Brown was jist a leetle excoitable an' Jacksonville was a paceable town, an' we wanted ter kape it that way."

Having in mind sundry incidents that had occurred in Jacksonville within my own recollection, I said, "But the old town used to break out a little sometimes, didn't it?"

A Peaceable Community

"No, sorr, not a bit av it. She was wan av the paceablest towns in the diggin's. Why, sorr, yer own father was pace officer fer a long toime."

"Ah, of course, of course, it really was a peaceable town. By the way, Tom, what became of Mexico?"

"Why, sorr, don't ye remimber? Wall-eyed Murphy killed Mex. roight in front av th' ould Empire hotel, the same that yer grandfather kept in the airly 50s."

"Oh, yes, I remember now. And how about Doc. McGregor?"

"Begorra, th' ould Doc. had almosht shlipped me moind. Some feller shtuck a knife in th' ould man wan noight over in Shmart's Garden, an' be the same token nobody iver knowed who did it."

And there were others, but family pride prevented me from pressing the subject further.

To many persons living in the east or middle west, the stories told of the lawlessness of the California mining towns in early days may seem exaggerated. I would refer skeptics to the "History of Tuolumne County."* Some of the items in the chronology of the county are strikingly suggestive. I quote a few of them:

*Alley's.

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"May 10, 1849. Boyd murdered by Atkins at Big Bar on Sullivan's Creek. Murderer fined \$500 and ordered to leave the district by Alcalde Frazier."

A horrible punishment, indeed!

"August 25, 1851. Tindal Newby murdered by A. J. Fuller at Shaw's Flat. The murderer was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment and a fine of \$100."

Another terrible vindication of justice!

"November 20, 1853. Sam Poole killed at Curtisville by McCarthy. The murderer was sentenced to jail for two years."

Verily, the chronology of Tuolumne County is a variegated one. I have merely given a few samples. It is cheering to read in the same entertaining volume an account of the hanging of a couple of desperadoes for killing a Chinaman. Local prejudice must have been responsible for their execution. There was no "close season" for Chinamen in those days.

But every town in Tuolumne had its epileptiform spasms of virtue, when all sorts of evil-doers had cause to tremble. Such acute attacks of propriety were usually precipitated by a few "sore-heads" who had lost money at the gaming table. The

The King of the Road

professional gamblers had to go, leaving the field to the amateurs. While they were about it, the virtuous citizens made a clean sweep, laying sundry "ladies" and all persons whose habits were not above suspicion under the ban. It was then, "Go, or stretch!" and the banished ones stood not upon the order of their going. Who that has read Bret Harte's "Exiles of Poker Flat" is not rather thankful for the pioneer custom that made his beautiful story possible? It must have been at some such time, I fancy, that hanging those white men for killing a Chinaman was possible in Tuolumne County. But, as I have already said, despite the arbitrament of the six-shooter and bowie, and the tender offices of Judge Lynch, life and property were pretty safe in Tuolumne—safer than in some higher-toned communities.

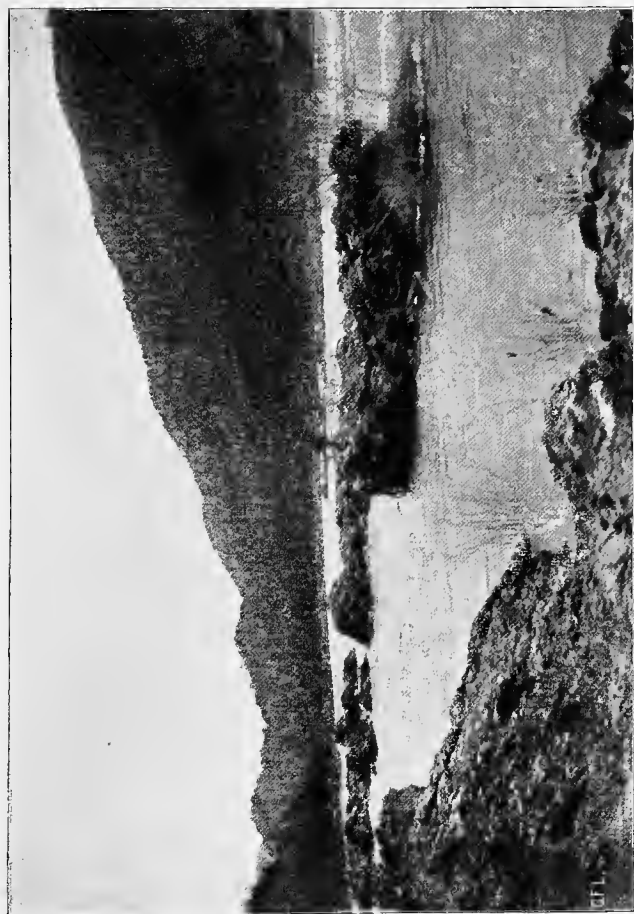
It is worthy of note that most of Bret Harte's characters were unearthed in Tuolumne and Calaveras counties. He was not compelled to resort to his imagination for them, for there were plenty and to spare. The people of his stories are, therefore, true to the life.

On the old Yosemite road, in the days of that king of bandits, Joaquin Muriata, many stirring, and oft-times tragical, scenes were enacted. I remember an incident in my father's experience that

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well illustrates Joaquin's ruthless character. His band had robbed a party of tourists, and had made a prisoner of a well-to-do Englishman, with the intention of holding him for ransom. My father, with a posse, was in hot pursuit, and bade fair to overtake the robbers. As a reward of \$50,000 had been offered for Joaquin, dead or alive, the posse was more than anxious to meet the gentleman. The robbers finally took to the timber. In a few moments the officers heard a number of shots, and shortly thereafter found the dead body of the poor Englishman, tied to a tree and fairly riddled with bullets. The murderers finally escaped.

Joaquin was supposed by many to bear a charmed life. A shrewd borderer drew his own conclusions on this point from having vainly fired at the bandit at close quarters several times, and the next time he got a shot at him, aimed at his head and "potted" him. The "charmed life" was found to consist of a fine coat of mail beneath Joaquin's clothing. The bandit's head was afterward exhibited at Frisco at four bits a look. A Mexican woman, who had once been his sweetheart, on seeing the head, exclaimed, "No Joaquin, no Joaquin!" Many old-timers thereafter doubted the genuineness of the gruesome relic. My father, however, went to Frisco, solely to satisfy himself



SCENE ON THE TUOLUMNE RIVER NEAR JACKSONVILLE.

A Celestial Relic

that his old enemy was indeed dead. His comment was that he had "never seen Joaquin looking so well." As he expressed it when he returned home, "Joaquin looked like a mighty good fellow, and I think he has reformed."



In former times the population of the Tuolumne valley was composed largely of Chinese. When the placer boom exploded, the slant-eyed Celestials disappeared as suddenly as a lot of rats deserting a sinking ship. The Chinaman is a thrifty fellow and has very little time for forlorn hopes. He wastes even less time in sentiment. A few only of the Chinese pioneers remained in the valley. Of these, three were living when I visited the place a year ago. Two, Ah Fook and Ah Wong, have since died. The third, Ah Bing, is still living. Queer-looking, interesting characters were they all. Ah Fook in particular was worthy of description. He was above the average stature of his race, and, unlike most Chinamen, possessed of a moustache and imperial. Strange to say, all three of the Mongolian relics had either beards or moustache. Ah Fook was 83 years of age and had

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been in the valley since '50. He had never learned much English. Many of his race are very non-progressive in this respect.

I had considerable trouble in making myself known to the old fellow. My knowledge of Chinese has been derived solely from the perusal of fire-cracker labels and tea-chest hieroglyphics, and as I have always been concerned chiefly with the quality of the goods rather than the language with which the same is designated, I am not *au fait* in it. I was glad, therefore, to let Ah Fook select his own method of expression and talk "Pigeon English." This jargon does well enough in conversing with such quaint characters, and, I suspect, adds greatly to their picturesqueness.

Introducing one's self is always somewhat embarrassing to a diffident person like myself. You needn't grin so sarcastically, my good friend; I am diffident to a degree. Introducing myself to Ah Fook was more than embarrassing; it was a heroic task. I realized that it was of no use to try my civilized name on him, so I said—

"You sabe allee samee Litz, long time ago?"

Whereat he made reply, "Me heãp no sabe allee samee Litz."

I then bethought me of the name by which my father was known to the Chinese of the valley, with



AH FOOK.

Ab Jook's Hospitality

whom he was very popular, and asked—"You sabe allee samee Ah Jim, long, long time ago?"

"Hi yah!" he exclaimed, joyfully, "me heap sabe allee samee Ah Jim. Belly good felly, Ah Jim. Long ttime ago him too muchee glone away."

When I made known to the old fellow that I was "Ah Jim's boy" his expressions of delight were as extravagant as his dialect would permit without choking him.

As I was about to leave his rickety cabin I gave the old man two bits. He was not in the habit of seeing coin very often, and how he lived is a mystery, but he had not forgotten the courtesy due from the old pioneer to the tenderfoot. Instead of saying good-by, he insisted on accompanying me over the bridge to Moffit's road house, where he took me by the arm, led me into the bar-room and proceeded to "blow" himself in the most approved style. Animal food being interdicted by my consultants, I couldn't take "rye," which not only grieved my Oriental friend, but, I fear, led him to suspect that I was a counterfeit, and not a former Tuolumne boy at all.

As already remarked, the Chinaman is not sentimental. I am, to an immoderate extent—I was especially so in those surroundings; who wouldn't have been?—and I confess to a choky sensation behind my collar button during my visit with Ah

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Fook. He was a relic of the rosy-hued days of my childhood. Playmates were scarce in those days—children were at a premium in the diggings—and the “grown-ups” who were kind to me have never been forgotten. The old Chinaman was one of these. Many and many a time he took me to his house in the Chinese quarter and fed me with such rice as only he could prepare, and confections the composition of which only Chinamen know, but which were delicacies rare to my childish palate.

I well remember that in the lugubrious days of those crampy ailments that the wise old women of the little town called “wormy,” Ah Fook and his goodies were tabooed. My mother enlisted Toppy’s sympathies, and the old man—who was to me a sort of demi-god—finally weaned me from the Chinese sweets by discovering that some of those waxy, queer-looking cakes were made of the meat of rats and young puppies.

Ah Fook resented the slander on his sweetmeats. “Toppy allee samee no glood! Me no makee lat plies! Heap no likee pup! Sabe?”

I half suspected that I was being “jobbed” by my miner friend, but there was enough doubt in my mind to make me eschew the sweetmeats. It was an expensive business for Toppy, though. He was obliged to bring an extra supply of toys up from Stockton on his periodic trips down country.

Mining Transformations

It was with genuine sorrow that I heard of the death of my Chinese friend at my last visit to the valley. He is missed, too, by the handful of old settlers who still remain in Jacksonville. Heathen though he was, he was a part of them—a link that bound them to a glorious past.



To one who is familiar with the old methods of mining in California, the new system seems a marvelous change. With the passing of the placers, individual mining almost disappeared. The old-time miner with his pick and pan, his shovel, cradle and sluice boxes, little dreamed of the vast hoards of auriferous wealth that lay beneath his feet in the heart of the Sierran hills. Even had he known, the gold was inaccessible to him. He had none of the appliances necessary to getting it out from the rock, nor the large capital required to procure them. Indeed, the milling appliances of that day were so extremely crude that quartz mining was not very profitable. The lack of the abundance of water demanded in extensive mining operations was an almost insuperable obstacle to successful mining on a large scale. Even the humble miner with his placer claim and pick and pan was often

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limited in his operations by a scarcity of water. There are to-day in California rich lodes that are practically valueless because of the scanty supply of water—as many a tenderfoot has discovered, to his cost.

In the good old days of '49, the "boys" used to "salt" mines for the tenderfoot. A shotgun was loaded with fine gold and fired into the nearest gravel bank. When Mr. Tenderfoot came along he was given a chance to prospect on the target. As might be inferred, color was abundant and the tenderfoot usually bit, and bit so hard that the barbs went clear through his gills. But the day of the shotgun is no more. The fashion nowadays is to sell the unwary stranger a prospect that is a "dandy" indeed—only there isn't any water to work it, nearer than fifteen miles, and it would cost a dollar a pint to get it to the mine.

Many of my friends have been bitten in mining speculations, and I often wonder if any of them have ever inspected the various properties in which they have sunk their hard-earned dollars. Thousands and thousands of misspent dollars are often represented by an insignificant hole in the side of a hill, scarcely big enough for a short man to enter it without stooping. The owner of the shaft points triumphantly to a pile of dirt and rock near the mouth of the prospect hole, saying: "That, sir, is

Mining Innocents

some of the best ore in the state. Why, it assays \$100 a ton, sir! Just think of that! I'm going to bond it for half a million."

And he does bond it for half a million, and then it is stocked for a lot more. By and by somebody gets rich, but, depend upon it, the bond and stock holders don't get a cent and have nothing but assessment notices and some bits of worthless paper to show for their lost dollars. The promoter is the fellow who drives the snipe. The investors hold the bag.

Tuolumne county is perhaps the richest in gold of any portion of California, but it is safe to say that few if any of its numerous incorporated mines are paying dividends. "The dividends are coming; all we need is a little more money for development!" This is the cry of the insiders, and the small stockholders keep on throwing good money after bad as long as they can stand it. They then throw up their hands, the select inner circle gets control and by and by somebody makes money. I have known dozens of men who have gone into mining ventures, but no man of my acquaintance ever made a dollar out of them, save a few promoters. The rest have lost all they invested.

To prospective investors in mining shares I say, "Go and look at that hungry hole in the ground

Panama and the Sierras

before you put your money into it. Having looked, go home and rent a box in a safety deposit vault and lock up your funds therein."

As a recent writer has aptly said: "Mining is a game of hazard against nature. Your mine may pay 'from the grass roots,' you may, on the other hand, put a superb fortune—if you can borrow it back East—into a mere hole in the ground; the richest vein may 'peter' to-morrow, and when your mine begins to play out and the grade runs low, you are afraid to sell, lest the purchaser, running a tunnel a few yards further into the mountain, locate ore that would have made you a millionaire." And so the game goes merrily on.

But there are some good mining chances in Tuolumne. Men with immense capital who can give mining their personal attention can find very profitable ventures there. Small investors had better keep out. The Republican mine is very rich and will one day pay well. The same is true of the Shawmut. This latter is a sixty-stamp mill with an almost unlimited supply of good-paying ore in sight. Even these promising mines have, I believe, paid no dividends as yet.

The Shawmut mine is especially interesting to me. It was originally a rich placer belonging to my grandfather, Robert McCoun, one of the early pioneers. It was then called, from its location, the



VIEW DOWN THE TUOLUMNE CANYON FROM THE BRIDGE.

It Might Have Been

Blue Gulch mine. The vein and pockets were finally apparently exhausted and the mine abandoned. It fell into other hands and a few years ago was sold for something like \$300,000, being afterward stocked for many times that. I wonder what the canny old Scot would have said could he have known the price his discarded mine was destined to bring. Little good would it have done him, even had he known the wealth that lay within the hill that overshadowed his claim. Free gold he could handle, but milling ore would have been rather cumbersome for him, I fear.

The days of rich pockets have been revived somewhat of late. Every once in a while someone strikes it rich by unearthing a pocket of free gold in the gravel. Hydraulic mining is carried on to a considerable extent in claims where free gold is found or believed to exist. It is by long odds the simplest and most economic method where high-pressure water is available.

All the available mining land in California is patented. The shrewd owner wastes no time in prospecting. He leaves the working of his claims to others, for the consideration of 25 per cent of the find. With a number of men at work on his land, he is quite likely to participate, sooner or later, in a "ten strike." He sometimes feels a bit

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disgruntled when the lessee strikes it rich, but as a rule he takes both the find and his percentage philosophically.



Apropos of my impressions of the mining industry of California, I am reminded of a primitive method practiced by an old fellow in Jacksonville. At the junction of the far-famed Woods' Creek with the Tuolumne River is a spot that to me is by far the most interesting in all the world—the site upon which formerly stood the house of my nativity. The ground upon which the house stood has been washed and mined away until a steep bank only remains, at the foot of which is part of what is now the river bed during high water. Upon the bank, at a point corresponding exactly with the site of my birthplace, stands a grotesque contrivance known as a "raster."* This consists of a circular, tub-like trough, floored with flat, rough rocks laid in such fashion that interstices of small size are left between them. In the center is a revolving wooden pivot, from which extend three wooden arms, each of which is provided at its extremity with two huge stones, arranged so that

*Spanish, *rastra*.

An Enthusiastic Miner

when the pivot revolves they are dragged around upon the rock floor of the trough. Two disconsolate horses wearily follow each other in a foot-path around the huge tub, furnishing the power that propels the arms. Into the trough, dirt, gravel and water are poured. These materials are ground up into a soft magma, into which all the free gold is liberated. The gold settles to the bottom of the mushy stuff and finally gravitates into the interstices of the floor of the contrivance, from which, on "clean up" day, it is collected.

The raster in question was employed in grinding up "tailings" from the mines, which tailings are often productive enough to yield a living to one of modest ambition.

On a rude seat fastened upon the central pivot of the queer contrivance, sat an old, old man—eighty years of age at the very least. Like the fellow who spun the yarn of the Nancy Bell, "his hair was weedy, his beard was long, and weedy and long was he." Hour after hour he sat there, half asleep, occasionally rousing himself to expectorate a mouthful of tobacco juice and "cluck" to his patient, weary horses. Ever and anon he gazed dreamily at the river bank a short distance away. I followed his gaze and saw four fishing poles that were working overtime to provide the old man's supper. A conservation of energy, truly.

Panama and the Sierras

On my last visit to the abridged mill, I endeavored to engage the old man in conversation, in this wise:

"Good morning, sir."

"Huh?"

"I said, good morning, sir."

"Oh, yaas, of course. Good mawnin'."

"It's a fine day."

"Huh?"

"I said, it's a fine day."

"Oh, yaas."

"I suppose you are an old-timer here, sir."

"Huh?"

"Why, I want to know if you have been here long?"

"Oh, 'bout five years."

"Where are you from?"

"Huh?"

"I asked where you are from."

"Who, me? Why, I'm from everywhere, mostly."

"Are you getting any results?"

"Huh?"

"I asked if you are getting any color."

"Oh, yaas."

"I suppose the fishing is pretty good here."

"Huh?"



A PRIMITIVE MILL.

A Little Brown Jug

"I said, I suppose the fishing is pretty good here?"

"Huh, huh."

I gave it up as a bad job. The old man was evidently as much exhausted as I was. Reaching down, he drew up a small jug that was swung to one of the arms of the raster by a strap. He held this out to me in a hospitably inviting fashion. I declined with thanks—and regrets.

The old man put the jug to his lips—and I suspect he is still drinking. There was no referee to yell, "break away," and as the outcome of the struggle between the old man and the enemy that steals away men's brains was self-evident, I vamoosed. The last I saw of him as I climbed the bank, was his bunch of weedy whiskers blowing about the jug, as his chin, elevated at an angle of 45 degrees, bade defiance to prohibition. Was it fancy, or did I hear that mellow "gurgle, gurgle," so sweet to the ear of the thirsty pioneer, gently wafted adown the wind and blending with the rustle of the leaves of the China trees on the river bank? Or was it, after all, only the music of the crystal waters of the Tuolumne as they rippled over the rocks? *Quien sabe?*



Panama and the Sierras

To the mind of the uninitiated, the old-time pioneer is but a rough diamond at best. I wish it were possible for my pen to do justice to some of the Argonauts of '49 that I know. Kindly, sympathetic natures there are among them, and a refinement that the roughness of the frontier, the ravages of time and the vicissitudes of pioneer life have but served to bring out in more marked contrast with their rude surroundings. I have one in mind at the present moment whom it is a joy to know. "Old man Keith," his fellow townsmen call him. As "Grandpa Keith" he is best known to the children. Living all alone in his little cabin on the old Yosemite road, just where the Tuolumne bends on its way to that wonderful canyon, where began and ended the rainbows of my childhood, the dear old man peacefully dreams of the days when the valley was peopled with eager delvers after ready-made fortunes, patiently awaiting the summons to the land where, if his creed be right, he will again tread golden streets. Time has laid his hand but tenderly on the head of my old pioneer friend. The passing of the years has been as gentle as the falling of rain into a summer sea. There may be something more beautiful than the silver locks of Grandpa Keith, but I have not seen it. There may be sweeter and more lovable characters than he, but I have never met them.



A GENTLE PIONEER.

A Gentle Pioneer

As I write there comes to mind an incident that shows the gentle sweetness of the old man's nature. Calling at his cabin one bright morning, as was my wont, I met him at the door carrying a large pail of milk. My way lay up Kanaka Creek, and my old friend informed me that he was "going a piece up the creek" himself, and would "go along, if I didn't mind." Be sure I didn't mind, and we wended our way up the hills together.

"You see," he remarked, apologetically, "I'm a little too old to be climbin' these hills, but I've got an errand to do. There's a family up yonder that takes milk of me—a quart every day—and the little boy that comes after it didn't show up this mornin'. I'm 'fraid he's sick, an' the baby'll get sick, too, if he don't get his milk reg'lar, so I jes' thort I'd run up an' see what's happened, and take the milk along."

I glanced at the pail, which apparently held several quarts, and remarked, "That must be a husky baby. Your quart measure runs pretty large, doesn't it?"

"Well," he said, "I allus 'low to give the boy good measure. Wonder what's happened to the poor little kid, anyhow."

And for two weary miles, over the hills, up and down, through stony gulches and over the rocky beds of half-dry streams, that gentlest of pioneers

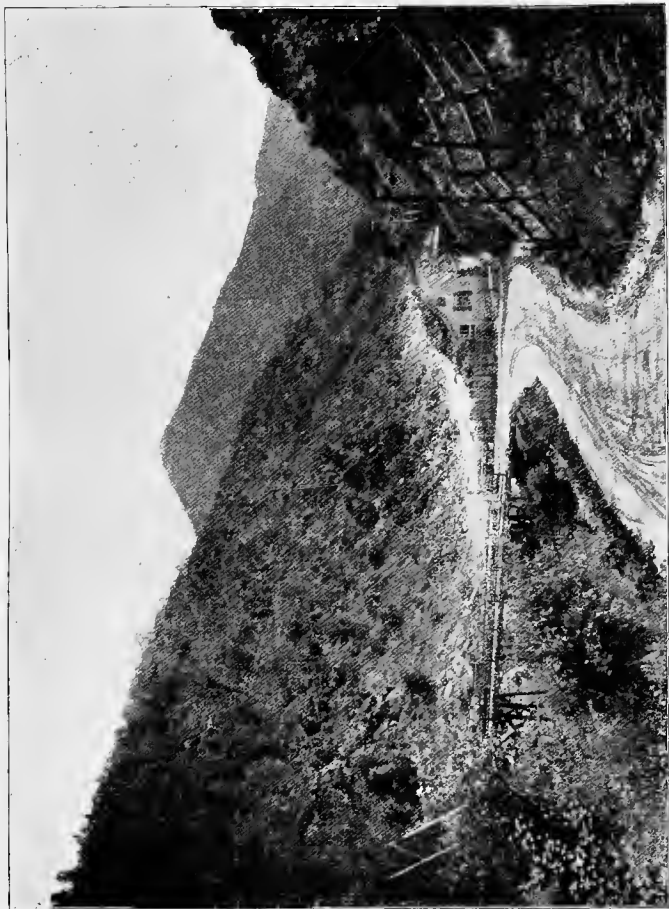
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tramped by my side, with a stride that showed no handicap of age or bad condition. The baby got his "full measure" that day, and, granting that I am a competent judge of character, that kind old man will also get full measure some day, if there are any good things to be had beyond The Great Divide.



It was with a sad heart that I said good-bye to my kind old friends of the Tuolumne Valley. The beautiful river, the pine-wooded slopes and verdure-bedecked mountains were my earliest memory of home, and, although many years had passed since I left those delightful scenes, a vision of home they still seemed.

As I waited at the cross-roads for the stage that was to bear me away, perhaps never to return, I bethought me of my German friend at the Tuolumne canyon bridge, and felt that I could not leave without a farewell handshake, and a last glimpse of that wonderful gorge and its swift-running river. My friend of the roadhouse came with me to the bend of the road as the stage came in sight, and bade me "God-speed." Assuring him



THE TUOLUMNE CANYON, YOSEMITE ROAD AND FORMER TOLL BRIDGE.

Romance Undone

that I hoped to return some day, I said, as I stepped aboard the stage; "Well, good-bye, Horatius!"

"Oxcuse me, vat you mean?" he replied. "Who vas Horatius?"

"Oh, I was jesting. Horatius was the fellow that kept the bridge. In ancient times, you know. You must remember the story of—

"How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.'"

"No, sir, you vas make von mees-take. Dere vas no feller py der name of Horatius dot efer kept dot bridge. I vas peen here for four years, und pefore dot it vas Moffitt."

I looked back as the stage rolled away, and saw the old German standing in the middle of the road, disputatiously waving his stump of an arm and shaking his head in vigorous protest against my ignorance of the history of the toll bridge.



A fair start counts for little in a California stage ride. In less than half an hour after leaving Jacksonville, the sky, which had been as fair as only the sky of that region can be, became overcast and shortly afterward it was "raining rain" in deadly

Panama and the Sierras

earnest. By the time I boarded the train at Chinese Camp it was pouring cataracts. The prospect of another slushy trip on the Sierra Railroad was not inviting. Although there were only about twelve miles between Chinese and my objective point, Sonora, I knew from experience that the way was long enough to permit of plenty of trouble. And my apprehensions were well-grounded. The train came to a standstill at a washout at "Jim Town," four miles from its destination. Bedraggled and disconsolate, the passengers, among whom were several women and children, were transferred from the cars to several old-fashioned four-horse stages, and, with a cracking of whips, we were off for Sonora. It was dark by this time, and, the curtains of the stage being buttoned closely to protect the passengers from the torrents of rain, the view of the scenery was not especially fine. The road was rough, and what with bumping into ruts and rocks and occasional logs, our lot was not a happy one.

Whilst wondering whether we would arrive in Sonora without a spill, we were edified by an incident which is of frequent occurrence on a California stage route in the rainy season. The stage stopped suddenly, mixing the passengers up somewhat promiscuously, and depositing a squalling infant in my lap!

That Gentle Creek

"She's pretty high, Bill," quoth the driver to a friend on the box.

"Yep, but I reckon ye kin make it, old man," was the reply.

Crack! went the whip. "Let her go!" howled the driver, and down went the stage into a rushing stream. The water began to flow into the stage and there was a lively scramble among the passengers to get their feet out of danger. There was a loud splash, and a yell from the driver, "By G—d, Tom, they've lost their feet! Ah, there's bottom again!"

We finally reached the opposite bank, to the great relief of everybody. Shut in as we were, the experience was anything but pleasant. As soon as we were on terra firma once more and bumping along the awful road, which now seemed pleasant enough by contrast, I peered through the front curtain and said, "Excuse me, driver, but what river was that?" "River, h—l!" he replied, contemptuously, "that's Woods' Creek." I was glad to meet with my old friend the creek again, but sorry to note the pernicious activity it had acquired since I left it at Jacksonville in the morning. Such is life on a California stage road in wet weather. I have on several occasions crossed an insignificant little creek in the morning, and on returning toward nightfall, have found the water so high that

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my horse was compelled to fairly swim across, and I was compelled to put my feet on the dashboard to keep them out of the water that filled the box of my buggy. To the uninitiated, this story may seem preposterous, but it is commonplace enough to the people of the California mountains.

I remember on one occasion, seeing a couple of drummers misled by some imps of boys, who told them that a certain creek was fordable. The unsophisticated greenhorns drove bravely into the stream and narrowly escaped drowning, whereat the boys howled in vociferous and malevolent glee. Two angrier, wetter and more sheepish men than those victims of their own ignorance and the boys' mischievousness were never seen.

In passing, let me remark that life on the California stage roads in some other respects still has a little of the old-time flavor. Hold-ups are by no means rare. The very day before my experience on the Jim Town stage, a hold-up occurred on the Angels and Milton road. The affair was well worth description. The night was very dark, and as it was raining the side curtains of the stage were drawn. Within the stage, where they could not be seen, sat two express messengers, one armed with that most effective weapon, a sawed-off shotgun loaded with buckshot, and the other with a Winchester rifle. The strong box was beneath the

A Reminder of Old Times

driver's seat. The stage had arrived at a lonely part of the road about two miles from Angels, when a voice called out, "Halt, there! Throw up your hands!" Seeing two men with rifles aimed at him, the driver accommodately complied. "Throw out your box!" commanded one of the robbers.

"All right, gentlemen, it's under the seat," replied the driver, stooping over and proceeding to fumble industriously with the coveted box, at the same time saying to the messengers in an undertone, "Plug' em, boys, but don't hit me."

"Hurry up there, and quit chewin' the rag, d—n you!" yelled the spokesman of the robbers.

"All right, I'll hurry, but it's d—d heavy," said the driver, crouching still lower to give his friends plenty of room for gun play.

Having located their men, the messengers suddenly rose from behind the seat and gave those luckless gentlemen of the road such a surprise party as they probably had never before experienced. One fell mortally wounded, whilst the other, after firing several harmless shots at the messengers, escaped with a handful of buckshot in his anatomy, only to be afterward captured and brought to book.

I was discussing this attempted robbery a few days later with "Canada Joe," an interesting

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Canuck who drives the stage from Milton to Copper, and he informed me that, while he had never been held up, he "wouldn't mind having it tried on him." His desire was gratified a few months later, and, somehow, the terrible things he proposed to do to the robber didn't materialize. One lonely man held him up, and as the passengers did not have enough to satisfy the robber, he went through poor Joe a la mode and took everything he had, even to the terrible "seex shooter, Monsieur le Docteur," with which he had promised to annihilate the first luckless highwayman who should chance to come his way. So bloodthirsty was he that my sympathies were all with the Knights of the Road until—well, until I had reason to sympathize with him. "Seventeen dollair an' ze watch, by gar!" Poor old Joe!



Sonora is the most important town in Tuolumne county. Its history is practically an epitome of the events of early mining days in California. Beginning with the advent of a party of Philadelphians in the early summer of '48, the history of that section of the country is one unbroken record of the ups and downs, the hazards, successes and

Sonora

reverses of gold mining. The pick, pan and cradle have made way for the quartz mill, but a halo of romance still rests upon this beautiful region.

The first explorers prospected on and about a stream that was afterward named Woods' creek, in honor of a clergyman in the party. A few months later a party of Mexicans located Sonorian Camp. In 1849 a large number of Americans settled here and changed the name of the town to Sonora.

How beautiful the country about Sonora was in the old days, the surviving early pioneers and a few of the sons of The Golden West alone know. It was one of the most picturesque regions in the world. The noble forests sheltered the red man and the graceful deer. Sparkling, crystal streams gurgled merrily over the rocks or silently flowed through the soldierly rows of leafy oaks and stately pines. In the more tranquil spots of the streams gorgeous trout could be seen darting about hither and thither, as if surcharged with the very joy of living. Magnificent sequoias, the like of which can be found nowhere else on earth, towered in majestic grandeur toward the heavens. Deer, antelope, rabbits, squirrels and quail were abundant. Monarch of all he surveyed, amid this beauteous scene lumbered the clumsy bulk of the fierce grizzly bear. Ever and

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anon could be heard the weird shriek of the mountain lion, as he called to his mate from his lair among the rocks. From time to time echoed the death cry of some helpless deer, the panther's victim. Most fitting background for such a scene loomed up the cloud-capped Sierras, their peaks covered with eternal snows, glistening in the sun like a veritable diadem of pearls and silver.

Half a century has rolled away, and much of the beauty of the scenery has been destroyed by the inroads of mining. The land has been disfigured and the brooks and rivers defiled—or turned from their old-time courses—but the region about Sonora is still beautiful as an artist's ideal.

Many rich placers were found about Sonora. How familiar the names of "Peppermint Gulch," "Sullivan's Creek," "Mountain Brow," and that historic spot where a long-eared quadruped fell down a shaft, "Jackass Gulch." At the latter place a claim 100 feet square yielded \$10,000 worth of gold. Near this claim was discovered a quartz vein that paid from \$100 to \$300 per day for years. The gold was pounded out of the quartz with a pestle and mortar.

Apropos of this crude mode of extracting gold from quartz, I am reminded of a method of "soaking" the tenderfoot, not hitherto described. After

Customs of Sonorian Camp

numerous specimens have been pounded in an iron mortar the pestle and inside of the mortar become coated with fine gold. The yellow metal is, so to speak, beaten into and incorporated with the iron. The tenderfoot secures his own specimens from the prospect hole he is considering, and the fellow who is after his money gives him an old mortar and pestle in which to pound it up. He gets a wonderful color and fairly tumbles over himself to make an offer for the hole in the ground from which the ore was dug. As the tenderfoot has handled the ore himself there can be no suspicion of fraud, and when he finds the mine valueless he attributes his mistake to the existence of a small, accidental area of high-grade ore from which he incorrectly estimated the value of the mine.

There were much suffering and hardship in the months that immediately followed the opening of the Sonora placers. Supplies were inordinately high. Flour, hardtack, beans, coffee, saleratus and sugar were held at the uniform price of \$3 per pound. Pork was \$8 per pound. The wise merchant soon made a fortune. He charged exorbitant prices for his goods and paid only \$8 an ounce in specie, or \$16 in trade, for gold.

Gambling was the one absorbing passion with all classes in the Tuolumne mines. Spanish monte,

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faro, poker and roulette—all were in full blast. The miner made his money easily and let it go more easily. Rich on Saturday night, he was usually broke on Monday morning. Liquor was a dollar a drink, yet he managed to get drunk without much trouble.

How little the miners appreciated their wealth in the golden days of Tuolumne is shown by their careless methods of exchange. A pinch of gold was called a dollar's worth; a teaspoonful was sixteen dollars; a wineglassful a hundred dollars and a tumblerful a thousand dollars.

How strange was the spectacle of thousands of adventurous men, who had braved untold dangers to reach the land of promise, throwing away in reckless prodigality the gold they had come so far to seek. Many of them became the possessors of unbounded wealth, only to die eventually in the utmost destitution and debasement. But not all have met this fate. A few struck it rich and kept the find. Another and more numerous class joined the ranks of the professional miners. The fever was chronically in their blood and miners they remained to the end of the chapter. They were of the immortals. Die their race cannot, for so long as the world shall last, will be found men as brave and adventurous as the Argonaut heroes

An Enduring Type

of my childhood. The passing of the years may dim their eyes and silver their hair, but their hearts will still remain as undaunted as those of the brave settlers of the Stanislaus and Tuolumne. On, and ever on, will they pursue The Golden Fleece. The snows of the Klondike have no terrors for them. The tropic sun beats on their devoted heads in vain. The camp fire of the mining pioneer burns in every clime, and the echoes of his sturdy pick-strokes resound through all the peaks and crags from Cape Horn to the Arctic Circle. All honor to the early Californian and his pioneer successors. He will pursue the golden bubble until he falls into his last prospect hole, and is covered forever by that kindly Mother Earth who lures the miner on and on with her golden temptations, until at last she claims him for her own. And let us not be too harsh in our judgment of the pioneer who has gone to the wall. He is but a bit of wreckage on the border sea, it is true, but he is a relic of an age of heroes. As the old song has it—

“Here I am, old Tom Moore, a relic of former days;
The people call me a bumner sure, but what care
I for praise,

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For my heart is filled with the days of yore, and
oft I do repine
For the days of old and the land of gold—for the
days of '49."



Sonora has still many of the ear-marks of a border town, but it has arrived at the dignity of a metropolis, for it possesses a hotel that would grace a much more pretentious city. But I would have been willing to dispense with a few comforts could I have seen the Sonora of old.

And yet the town had a certain fearsome quality in the old days. 'Twas there that my boyhood's friend, "Three-Fingered Jack," got inextricably tangled up with a quantity of rope. I never could understand why the people of Sonora could not appreciate Jack's good qualities. He was one of the most popular men at Murphy's, in Calaveras county, the town to which my father emigrated after a succession of freshets in the lower country had practically ruined him. Jack was very good to me. To be sure, he used to inveigle me into shaking hands with him, during which formality he was in the habit of jabbing me in the palm with a little bony spur that projected from the stump

My Martyred Friend

of a thumb on his crippled hand, but then, he was wont to console me with glistening two-bit pieces and large sections of jujube paste, so I didn't mind his little pleasantries.

Jack was for a long time supposed to be an honest miner. He worked many a day side by side with my sire. But the citizens of Tuolumne and Calaveras discovered that he was in the habit of "laying" for belated travelers and separating them from their valuables. One night a couple of tourists were held up and one of them chanced to get his throat cut. The survivor got a glimpse of the robber's hands and noted the peculiar deformity of one of them. The rest was easy. It required no Sherlock Holmes to find the murderer. And so my kind friend was taken to Sonora and duly stretched. His last request was that his photograph be taken and sent to my father. The boys forgot the picture till after the stretching. They then fulfilled the promise they had made and had Jack photographed in his coffin. Ugh! It was a gruesome souvenir that cost me many a nightmare. Well, Three-Fingered Jack was a good fellow, all the same—in the daytime—and I never became quite reconciled to his loss.

Both Bret Harte and Mark Twain were Tuolumne miners in the long ago. It was their residence there that gave to the world much of their

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remarkable character study. Notable characters were plentiful and it needed no literary license to enable one to present them graphically. Description true to the life was the sole requirement. Bret Harte is one of my household literary gods, but, knowing his literary temperament, I do not wonder that he was inspired to write such wonderful tales and beautiful poems. His early environment in Tuolumne should have inspired a pen far less able than his.

A short distance from Sonora on the Jacksonville road is Poverty Hill. Had the necessary rhyme chanced to come handy, this town would be famous. Here lived "Joe," the hero of Bret Harte's "Her Letter." It was here that Joe "struck color" in the heart of old Folinsbee's daughter, the "Lily of Poverty Flat."

One can imagine her lamenting as she writes from Paris, where she has gone "to be finished," that her papa had ever struck "pay gravel."

"But you know if you haven't got riches,
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
And you've struck it, on Poverty Flat."

The early court records of Sonora and the neighboring towns are something astounding. I

Justice Rampant

commend them to our Chicago justices of the peace. The pace was set by the first alcalde of Columbia, one Sullivan. Here are some of his judicial rulings:

William Smith had a Mexican, Juan Santa Anna, arrested for stealing a pair of leggings. The prisoner was found guilty and fined three ounces. Smith was mulcted one ounce for making the complaint!

George Hildreth lost a pick. It was found in the store of a certain Frenchman. The Frenchman was fined one ounce and mulcted three ounces costs!

A party sued for the recovery of a mule. The ownership of the animal was proven and the thief fined one ounce and mulcted three ounces costs. The guilty party being broke and the accuser rich, Alcalde Sullivan made the latter pay both fine and costs, remarking, "This court can't be expected to sit for its health!"



While sitting in the office of the Victoria hotel in Sonora one evening, my attention was attracted to a picturesque-looking man of some sixty-five years of age, who seemed to be entertaining the loungers who were hanging about with stories of

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huge proportions. Now and again some one would call out from the edge of the crowd, "Say, Jim, will you swear to that?" Whereat the entertainer would reply, "What's the matter with y'u, anyhow, ye d—d tenderfoot? Just because you hain't never seen nuthin', you've got a notion that nobody else haint. Say, do you fellows want to hear me out, or not?"

Of course, everybody was anxious to have the old man go on with his yarns, and the captious questioner was promptly frowned down.

It was not for me to dispute the veracity of the *raconteur*, so I hung upon the outskirts of the crowd, listening to his wonderful tales until long after midnight.

"Who is the old man that is telling stories?" I asked the hotel clerk.

"Why," he said, with some surprise, I thought, "That's Jim Gillis."

And then I remembered. Jim Gillis is one of the characters who have made Tuolumne famous. Know ye all and sundry, that he is none other than "Truthful James," made immortal by Bret Harte. Likewise is he Mark Twain's "Jim Smiley," of "Jumping Frog" fame.

"Why did Harte call him Truthful James?" I asked.

"Because," replied the clerk, "Jim cannot tell

A Famous Character

the truth. Which is where he differs from G. W. He's been drawing the long bow for years and years, and he'll draw it till he dies."

"I'm not up to small deceits, or any sinful games, I reside at Table Mountain and my name is Truthful James."

Alas! Why did you deceive us, Bret? Jim Gillis does not live at Table Mountain, but in the classic precincts of "Jackass Hill." Which doth not make good rhyme.

Likewise did the poet falsify when he said that Truthful was not up to sinful games, for the highways and byways of ye goodly game of poker—the same are not muchly unknown to him.

Old Jim was especially good-natured when I saw him. He had just been down to Frisco, getting rid of his percentage of a pocket of \$28,000 that one of his lessees had struck while drifting on Jackass Hill. Most of his lessees think the name of the hill is by no means a misnomer, but there was evidently one lucky exception. And Jim had succeeded in getting freed from his easily acquired wealth very promptly. Said he:

"Y'u see, boys, I'm like th' old Irishman who carried the hod for seventeen years an' saved up four hundred plunks. He went ter the races one day an' blew it all in on the hosses. A friend of his'n

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wuz sympathizin' with him, an' he says, says he, 'Well, niver moind, Paddy, aisy come, aisy goes.' Which the same Irishman wuz a hod sport. Eh, boys?"

And the boys lined up and helped the barkeeper tear away a few more of Jim's "come easy, go easy" dollars.

Good luck to you, Jim, old boy. May your yarns never run out, nor the pockets in that wonderful hill ever fail you. And when you cross The Great Divide you needn't be ashamed of your "come easy, go easy" life. Ask some of the many "busted" miners and poor sick fellows that you have staked to say a word for you, and I'll chance you with the best of them.



The weather clerk was evidently bound to revive all the humid, unpleasant memories for me that he could. There was a terrific rainstorm when I boarded the stage en route for Murphy's, my old home in the mountains. As the stage started at seven in the morning, and Angel's Camp, my first stopping place, would not be reached until noon, there was a fair prospect of getting a taste of a

The Golden Valley

freshet. But time was limited and I did not propose to have my ardor dampened by even a California rainstorm.

The road from Sonora to Angel's Camp via Columbia has some of the most interesting relics of the early mining days that can be found in any part of the state. Soon after leaving Sonora the way lies along a valley between the Sierras that was once one of the richest areas of mining ground in the world. From the very ground that lay beneath our wheels vast fortunes have been taken. Even to-day, hydraulic mining on a large scale is developing rich mines in locations on the hillsides that the '49ers never dreamed of prospecting. The valley itself they worked over and over, and as usual, were followed by that patient grub, John Chinaman. The pioneers either forgot that the presence of gold in the valley betokened rich deposits in the hills that inclosed it, or had no means of working them. Profitable quartz mining was, of course, for the most part out of the question, but the red, gravelly soil of the hillsides could have been easily worked hydraulically. Alas! for the lack of water.

The valley was once the bed of an ancient river that flowed among the Sierras untold ages ago. For an area at least a quarter of a mile wide, and extending for some miles along the stage road,

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the soil has been cut away to the last grain, exposing the old-time river bed in all its nakedness. I say, "all its nakedness" advisedly, for it is composed of volcanic rocks of the most fantastic shapes and varying sizes, most of them being huge volcanic forms that tower up like monuments, perfectly bare of earth. Every crevice between them, however narrow, has been washed out by the eager miners.

Every rock shows the water erosion of the ancient river. It makes one dizzy to conjecture the age of these rocks, especially considering the fact that the old river bed is now nearly 2,000 feet above sea level.

The general effect of the grotesque forms of volcanic rock is so like a collection of enormous bones, that I dubbed the valley the "Giant's Graveyard," much to the edification of the stage driver.

At one time, in early days, six thousand miners were working in this valley like so many bees. As a single claim was then only an area sixteen feet square, it is not surprising that occasional friction should have arisen. "Jumping a claim" was, however, a dangerous pastime in that locality. Every miner carried his own lawyer in his holster. The six-shooter and the bowie never postponed cases on legal technicalities.

A Jumped Claim

But jumping did sometimes occur, nevertheless. I recall an instance in which my father and several of his partners, who had joined issues and consolidated their claims, had an unfortunate experience with claim jumpers. While walking over their property with Big Brown of Tuolumne, one day, my father's attention was attracted by a noise beneath his feet. He called Brown's attention to it, and remarked, "Those Englishmen on the next claim are drifting on our property, and if they've struck the main lode we're done for." Be it remarked that my father's party had been drifting for some time and had not yet struck pay dirt in large quantity. A call was made upon the Englishmen, and on some pretext or other they were asked to re-stake their claim according to their understanding of its boundaries. This having been done, my father and his partners proceeded to sink a shaft at the spot where the noise was heard. They verified their suspicions by coming down upon the interlopers' heads! And then there was trouble. Knowing the peculiar customs of the mines in those days, and never having heard of any resulting international complications, I have drawn my own conclusions as to the outcome. But the denouement came too late. The main lode ran diagonally across my father's claim and had been pretty thoroughly worked out. Most

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of the gold had been shipped to the lower country, so there was no chance of redress. However, I'll wager that the heirs in England never got any of the gold.

A short distance from the Sonora high road is the little town of Shaw's Flat. This was a famous mining center in former days. The glory of the town has not yet departed, for rich pockets are occasionally struck in its vicinity. Near its outskirts is a hill, surmounted by an old Catholic church and burying ground. Some time since, an enterprising miner had a claim adjoining the churchyard that he had worked for some time without great results. At last, however, he struck a lode from which he took out \$80,000. But alas! the lode was found in a corner of his claim from whence it ran into the graveyard. The miner tried to buy the church and the hill on which it stands, but in vain. The pious folk would not allow their dead to be disturbed. How long those moldering bones will lie on beds of gold none may know, but that particular miner will have been gathered to his fathers long ere that sacred hill is desecrated by the restless seeker after wealth.

It has come to pass that, while the homes of the dead are undisturbed, those of the living are smitten by the mining vandal. The little town of Columbia rests upon a part of the ancient river

A Stanislaus Ferry

bed. Its site is rich in gold, and its people are drifting from their own cellars and sinking shafts in their own back yards. By no means profitless is this vandalism. Some few of the residents have grown rich thereby. Which recalls Bret Harte's story of Dow, the man who was digging a well in his own back lot and made a rich strike.

"It was gold in the quartz
And it ran all alike,
And I reckon five oughts
Was the worth of that strike.
And that house with the coopilow's his'n--
Which the same isn't bad for a Pike."



The Stanislaus is ever beautiful, and its entire course traverses a country of unsurpassed loveliness, but the scenery at Parrot's Ferry is the wildest and grandest on the river, though not so picturesque in some respects as at Byrne's Ferry. The river was quite high from the recent rains, and viewed from the stage road, high up on the brow of a mountain, was a picture to be remembered. The gorge between the Sierras through which the Stanislaus has forced its way is a very narrow

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one, and, at its full, the stream tears along at a terrific rate. No ordinary boat could live in it, and neither man nor horse could swim it.

The ferry is a very ingenious contrivance. A huge wire cable is stretched across the stream. Upon this run large pulleys, to which the boat is attached in such a manner that the rushing water strikes its sides at an angle and propels it along the cable. On the return journey the angle is reversed and the current propels the boat back to its starting point. I couldn't help wondering what would happen if the cable should snap. I fancy the ensuing few moments would break all marine records—and sundry necks.



Angel's Camp, or Angels, as it is now known, was once so lively that its name was quite satiric. It is now dead enough to almost merit its appellation. The mining renaissance, represented by the modern quartz mine, has given it something of a boom of late years, but 'tis not the Angels of aforetime. The "boys" say that if they can "keep the d—d railroad out," they still have hopes that the old town may amount to something. Next to "hoping," the most popular industry would

Angels

appear to be the breeding and fighting of game cocks. There is hardly a house that does not have a few coopfuls of these birds. All of which augurs badly for the thrift of the place. The birds represent just so much energy devoted to killing time, and are too suggestive of old Mexico to portend business activity.

The people of Angels live principally upon the traditions of the past, when gold was plenty and the crack of the six-shooter music to the ear. Who does not remember Bret Harte's "Thompson of Angels?"

"Yet in the hamlet of Angels, when truculent
speeches are uttered,
When bloodshed and life alone will atone for some
trifling mis-statement,
Maidens and men in their prime recall the last
hero of Angels.
Think of and vainly regret the Bald-headed Snipe
of the valley."

Angels bored me, and despite the torrents of rain I proposed to get out of the place as quickly as I could. There was no stage that day, and I was informed that there might not be any the following day on account of the high water in the creeks. But I had had quite enough of the town

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and was bound to quit it. I called a liveryman in consultation and he said, "Well, I reckon you kin git through with a buggy if ye keep away from the big creek an' go across the little creek on t'other road." He deputized his son, a lad of about fifteen, to drive me, and off we started in the storm.

"Little creek," eh? Great Niagara! What an experience! Hardly had we started across the stream when the water filled the box of the buggy and was well up the horse's sides. My young driver tried to back out, but only succeeded in tipping the buggy almost over. I grabbed the reins and whip, gave the horse a sharp cut and proceeded to make the best of the situation. As I couldn't back up, I put both feet on the dashboard out of the way of the water and made a dash for the opposite bank. Whereupon my horse proceeded to float down stream. He finally regained his feet, however, and we managed to get out of that creek, but my hair is still inclined to rise whenever it rains hard. What with the rain, the scare and the bumping over the roads, I was soon the worst apology for a convalescent in search of recuperation that ever struck the state of California.



Historic Murphy's

Once again I arrived in one of the haunts of my childhood, with what could hardly have been styled eclat. I had often pictured to myself a sort of triumphal entry into Murphy's after many years of absence, and the bedraggled, weary and sore condition in which I found myself was quite dispiriting. I waited for the morrow and clear weather before looking up my friends of other and happier days. I then found many friends and renewed many pleasant associations.

Time had not dealt gently with the few pioneers who still remained at Murphy's. But my welcome was none the less cordial. One dear old man, crippled with rheumatism and bent with the weight of over threescore years, mostly years of the "lean kine," tramped five miles over the hills to greet the man whom, as a child, he had once dandled upon his rugged knee. The milk of human kindness is not all gone from this hard old world, but it is chiefly in such communities as Murphy's that we find it.

Murphy's Camp is a town well known to fame. Situated in a beautiful valley among the Sierras, within fifteen miles of the celebrated Calaveras Grove of Big Trees, it has long been the objective point of the tourist en route to the natural wonders higher up in the mountains. At, and

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prior to, the time I resided there, thirty years ago, Murphy's was a justly celebrated and flourishing mining camp. A desire for improvements in mining methods ruined the town. A great power company was formed to bring water down from the mountains for mining purposes. This water was to be leased to miners at high rates and a large profit was guaranteed. The water company's stock was subscribed for by nearly everybody in Calaveras county. All the miners' savings went into the venture. Unfortunately the engineers had not figured on both ends of the line. They got the water in all right, but there was no way to get it out, after it had been used in the mines, and Calaveras was ruined. The money of Calaveras had all gone "up the flume." The great flume stands to-day, the gravestone of Murphy's prosperity.

The town never recovered its former prestige. It looks like a beautiful, thriving place to-day, when seen from the hills, but it is absolutely dead. How its inhabitants eke out a livelihood is a matter for speculation, for the farming thereabouts is almost *nil*, and the Big Trees are not so popular as they once were.

An element of pathos is added to the poverty of this once flourishing mining town by the fact

A Dead Town

that it is situated amid an abundance of gold. The hills are still rich, and there is little doubt in my mind as to the existence of a vast quantity of the precious metal in the ground upon which the town is built. I am of opinion that beneath the valley lies a continuation of the same ancient river bed that traverses the country adjacent to Columbia. The valley, however, has never been prospected. The founders of Murphy's were miners, it is true, but there were home-builders among them who by mutual agreement decided to hold the town site sacred. The pick has never desecrated their home sites. One of these days a gigantic company will be formed that will buy up the entire valley, introduce a practical water power and develop the vast auriferous wealth of this poverty-stricken place. Meanwhile its inhabitants will subsist as best they can. The future of Murphy's matters little to those of the Argonauts who still live. They are fast joining the silent majority in God's Acre on the hill. Only a few remain, and the good-bye that I said to them on leaving that town of ghosts and traditions was by no means conventional. It was fraught with sad meaning.

It is strange that the Big Tree Grove of Calaveras has lost its interest for tourists. The number of travelers passing through Murphy's en route

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for the trees has grown smaller year by year. Rival attractions are to a certain degree responsible for this, but the weary ride by stage has had most to do with it. Time was when this was not so objectionable as now. Other natural wonders were equally inaccessible. The onward march of railway enterprise has, however, benefited most other wonders, and people in search of novelties in recreation have come to abhor fatiguing journeys. What the ultimate fate of the Big Trees will be is conjectural. The grove has recently been bought by a lumber merchant, who is holding it with the view of selling it to the United States government for a national park. Failing in this, he proposes to cut down the trees and convert them into lumber. Will this crime be permitted? I think it will. The temper of the American people permits such things. A people that permits the Palisades of the Hudson to be disfigured with patent medicine advertisements will not be likely to interfere to save the Big Tree Grove—one of the wonders of the world. Whatever the fate of those giant sequoias, I shall always feel better for having seen them. It is something to have stood beneath the shade of the growth of thousands of years and to have felt one's self a pigmy beside those wonderful specimens of Nature's handiwork. And when I stood upon that won-

Tragedies Recalled

derful stump of the original "Big Tree," which had been cut down for timber, and gazed upon that other giant shaft denuded of its bark to supply the East with souvenirs, I could not but despise the sordidness and vandalism of modern civilization.



The sight of the old flume reminded me of a series of tragedies that I witnessed in Murphy's many years ago.

The old schoolhouse stands on the brow of a hill of some size a little way out of town. Some rods away is a flat upon which the Indians, who were once plentiful in that region, used to congregate. One morning, in full view of the school children, an Indian and a half-breed companion repaired to this flat with a bottle of whisky and, having become gloriously drunk, proceeded to fight for possession of the bottle. The half-breed was getting worsted when he pulled a knife and stabbed his red brother in the abdomen. As the brass-pointed scabbard adhered to the knife, the murderer drove scabbard and all into his victim. The excitement sobered the half-breed and he fled to the hills.

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The wounded Indian was picked up by his brethren and taken to the woods back of the school-house, where he was laid upon a blanket and a funeral pyre of wood built beside him. The Indians then gathered about the dying man, who stoically watched the preparations for his cremation, and waited for him to die. We school-boys visited the scene and were highly entertained by the weird chants and grotesque ceremonies of the red-men. The wounded man finally died and was cremated. This custom of cremation among the Indians of the Pacific coast is not generally known. Hutchings, I believe, has also called attention to it in his wonderful book, "The Heart of the Sierras."

The sheriff of Calaveras came to Murphy's that day to investigate the murder of the Indian and capture the perpetrator. Some of the boys had meanwhile located the half-breed in his retreat among the hills. The sheriff was glibly informed that the murderer had been seen in the vicinity of Vallecito, and posted off in hot haste in that direction. He was hardly out of sight, before the boys rounded up the half-breed, tied a rope around his neck after a sharp fight, and dragged him down to the point where the flume crosses the Vallecito road. Tying a stone to the other end of the

A Necktie Party

rope they threw it over the flume, gave a long pull and a strong pull and—the curtain dropped forever on the murderer! The avengers (?) and the audience then quietly dispersed, leaving their victim hanging to the flume and swaying in the wind. “Jest so the sheriff kin find him easy,” they said.

And the sheriff found him without much trouble. When he expostulated the boys said, “Well, we told ye ye’d find him on the Vallecito road, didn’t we? An’ ye found him there all right, didn’t ye?” The which was unanswerable.



The summary visitation of punishment upon California criminals in the old days is not without parallel in modern times. The subject is a gruesome one, but I nevertheless venture to reproduce a photograph of an incident that happened only a few years ago.

The scene depicted is a flashlight view in front of the county courthouse, Yreka, Siskiyou county, California, shortly after midnight of September 26, 1894.

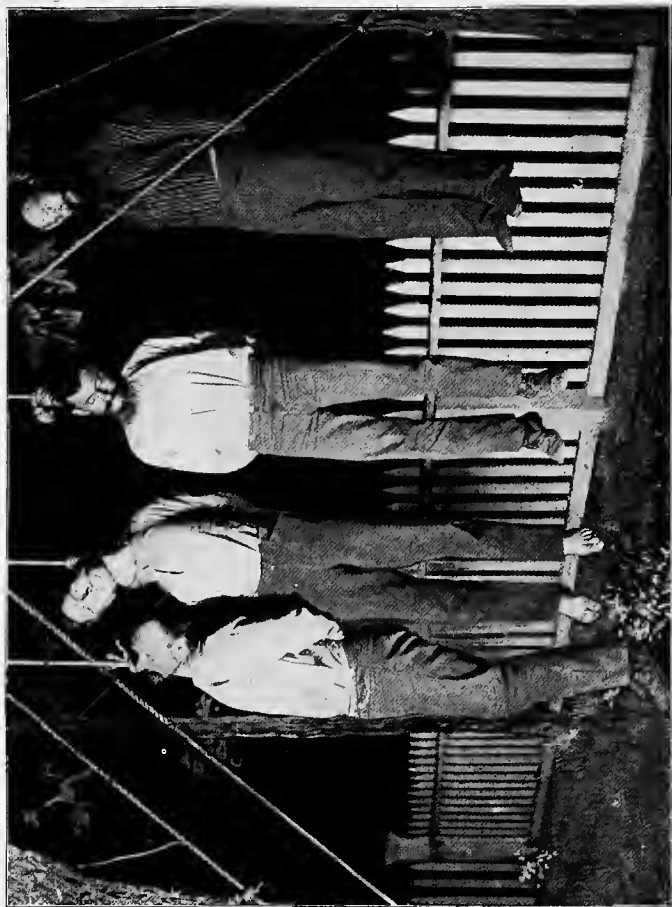
It represents the work of a Vigilance Committee which was hastily formed in Yreka to dis-

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pense justice to one Johnson, a big, burly blacksmith. Johnson suspected the fidelity of his wife, a small, delicate woman, and completely disemboweled her with a knife. This happened near Sawyer's Bar, a mining camp about fifteen miles by stage from Yreka. The murderer was arrested and taken to Yreka for trial, with the result shown in the photograph.

At the time Johnson was elevated there happened to be three other men in the county jail charged with murder, and the committee, being practical economists of energy, thought it well to make a clean sweep.

Moreno, a Mexican tramp, and Stemler, a young fellow nineteen years of age, were in jail for killing a man on the railroad near Yreka. After the hanging the Mexican government demanded and secured an indemnity for the death of Moreno. It was generally thought that Stemler was not a party to the murder, but merely happened to be with the Mexican when the crime was committed. The work of the Vigilance Committee was therefore questioned by some of the prominent men in Yreka. These gentlemen afterward found notes under their doors advising them to do less talking—which admonition they obeyed. The committee subsequently claimed that it had been very



LEARNING THE ROPES.

Man's Inhumanity to Man

merciful to Stemler in breaking his neck, which was done by a couple of the hanging party jumping up and hanging their weight upon him.

Null killed his mining partner, with whom he disagreed as to the sale of some property which they were operating. The murdered man wished to sell his interest and had accompanied a prospective purchaser to view the property. Null became enraged and emptied the contents of a Winchester into his partner.

I commend the picture of the foregoing event to the advocates of capital punishment—legal or illegal. It may not be an object lesson to prospective criminals, for I hope my circle of readers will not comprise any such, but as an illustration of the savagery of man to his fellow man it is superior to anything within my knowledge, save several legal executions I have witnessed.*



*There is a suggestion of humor in the fact that the photographer who took the picture of the Yreka "necktie party" held the office of justice of the peace in that enterprising town. This gives a flavor of "legality" to the picture, however irregular the entertainment may have been.

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Second only to the Big Tree Grove of Calaveras in interest is its recently discovered cave. This is one of the most wonderful natural curiosities of California, and alone is worth a journey to Murphy's. I should like to state how far it is from the town, but I cannot. The road leading to it is a circuitous and mountainous one, said to be a mile and a half long. The road back to town seemed to cover about half a mile. I was a little puzzled to understand this disparity in distances, when I happened to think of the high livery rates that prevail in that unsophisticated place. Were the sign reading "To the Cave" placed upon the short cut, most tourists would walk. Having induced them to ride, the proprietor of the cave caps the livery man's game by giving them the worth of their money.

On meeting the proprietor of the cave, one is inclined to wonder how such an unenterprising individual ever came to discover it. I have succeeded in elucidating the problem. He was resting at the time. While pursuing this, his favorite occupation, he chanced to recline against a huge boulder. Noticing a strong current of air blowing upon him, he proceeded to investigate, and found that the air was issuing from a fissure in the face of

A Wonderful Cave

the rock. Further exploration discovered the cave, which extends over one hundred and fifty feet underground.

The various chambers of this cave present some of the most beautiful and varied stalactitic and stalagmitic forms that can be found in America. In some places the roof and walls present the exact appearance of a coral bed. Here and there this coral-like formation closely imitates beds of beautiful flowers. The "Pansy Bed" is especially suggestive of the flower after which it is named.

At the entrance of the passage-way between two of the chambers hangs the "Goose." Had the limestone of which it is formed been actually deposited upon the bird whose form it has assumed, the similarity could not be much more striking.

The most remarkable formation is the "Angel's Wings," two broad, thin, sheet-like stalactites hanging from the wall of one of the lower chambers. The nomenclature of these formations is not inappropriate, for their appearance is quite like that of the pinions of picture-book angels. The wings are variegated by bands of different shades of pink and brown, extending from top to bottom.

Still another remarkable form is the "Miner's Blanket." The resemblance of this phenomenon

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to a blanket is very striking. The resemblance is emphasized by several broad, brownish-pink bands at the lower extremity or border of the formation.

A series of stalactites known as the "Chimes" would delight a xylophone soloist, so soft and sweet are the sounds produced by gently striking them.

In ancient times the cave was probably used as a burial place by the Indians. A large number of crumbling human bones that were found here are shown the visitor. And human bones are not all; the scapula of a giant sloth, somewhat encrusted with lime deposit, it is true, but none the less readily recognizable, is one of the features of the cave. The great length of time necessary for the formation of the larger stalactites is shown by the fact that the relic of the giant sloth has but a thin layer of mineral deposit upon it.

The cave has not yet been thoroughly explored. There are probably other marvels in store for the tourist. The electric light will one day penetrate this lonely place. Its wonders will then be well worth going many miles to see—always providing the beauty of the cave has not meanwhile been dimmed by the smoky lamps with which the shiftless proprietor now lights the tourist's "clamber-some" way. The wave of progress has already

Calaveras Gunnery

struck the cave. A bar-room is being built at its mouth. Future tourists who patronize the bar will see a multiplicity of beautiful chambers—and some other things—in the cave. They will then go home and tell fearsome stories of the terrible cave snakes of Calaveras.

In studying the proprietor of the cave I arrived at the conclusion that the original cave men were not hairy, but woolly. The modern one is woolly, at any rate, and I judge he must be a direct descendant of those of ancient times. I could smell the "times" upon the particular cave man under consideration, quite distinctly, and high old times they must have been, if their "aged in the wood" flavor is to be taken in evidence.



When Murphy's was in its prime the main street of the town presented a very lively scene, especially after nightfall, when the miners, having finished their arduous labors, came into town to seek excitement. Gambling was rife. There may be towns where card playing is more popular, but in order to transcend the Murphy's of former days it would be necessary to suspend all other occupations but gambling. Every store was essen-

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tially a gambling house. There was no store so humble that it did not possess at least a table or two. The doors were kept wide open and the players were in full view of the passers-by. Things went smoothly enough, as a rule, but when a row did start there was serious trouble. The early Californian was peculiar. He had a faculty of mixing in other people's quarrels that was by no means commendable. With him a saloon or gambling house row was everybody's row, so he usually "chipped in." Everything would be lovely in a gambling house when suddenly a shot would resound through the room. On the instant, the barkeeper would put out the lights, while everybody who had a gun drew and fired at the nearest man!

I recall a very funny incident in this connection. A row started in the Fremont saloon, and quite a stiff row it was, too. A fellow was sauntering leisurely down the street whistling. He heard the rumpus, ran across the street to his house, got a shotgun and returning stepped to the door of the place where the fight was going on. Pointing his gun at the struggling mass of men he discharged both barrels, one after the other. His conscience being thus relieved, the man shouldered his gun, resumed his whistling and marched off in the serene consciousness of duty well performed.

Early Amusements

The shooting done in one of these free-for-all fights, it was the fashion to count noses and see who was hit. Such was the ethics of Calaveras gunnery.

The street was occasionally enlivened by impromptu daylight affairs that were quite characteristic. A type of these entertainments was that afforded by one "Mexican Pete," a Greaser gentleman who was wont to load up with *aguardiente* and make things lively for the Murphyites. The towns-people had abided him with patience so long that he felt privileged, as the boys afterward said, "ter play the limit." One afternoon he was fuller than usual, if that were possible, and proceeded to "paint the town" in lurid colors. One coat of paint exhausted his resources. Mounting his mustang, with a six-shooter in each hand, he started at a terrific pace down the street. Into stores he rode, upsetting everything and everybody that stood in his way, then out again, shooting at everybody in sight.

Now, the people of Murphy's were not easily nonplused, but on this occasion they were so surprised that the Greaser had it all his own way for a time. He finally reached the end of the street, and had he been wise would have continued on and left the town. But the game seemed so easy

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that he wanted more of it. Back he came up the street, shooting right and left and whooping like a Sioux. Meanwhile, the citizens had recovered from their surprise and were lined up along the way to receive him.

The immortal six hundred may have gone against a hotter fusilade than did that luckless Greaser, but I doubt it. Before he had covered a hundred yards the reception committee opened up on him. "Doc." Jones, who was coroner at the time, brought in a verdict of "suicide while suffering from emotional insanity." Incidentally he delivered a homily on the evils of drinking bad liquor.



The "pride of the hamlet" were gathered in the bar-room at Murphy's one evening, killing time as best they could. In the center of a group of typic young mountaineers sat my old friend, Bill Loveless, who drove stage in Nevada, and in and out of Murphy's, from '49 to '90. "Col. Bill," as the townspeople called him, is one of the most vivid recollections of my old home in the Sierras. The chief gala occasions of the old days were the arrival and departure of the stage. The crack of Bill's whip and the ringing whoop that an-

A Relic of the Road

nounced his coming with the mail and a load of strangers from the lower country were music to my boyish ears. Bill was a hero in those days, nothing less. Many a time did he let me strap his huge six-shooter around my waist, permitting me to revel in the anticipation of the wonderful things I was going to do when I should be a man and drive a stage. And the rides he used to give me! I would lie in wait for the stage at the outskirts of the town and order old Bill to throw up his hands, whereat he would surrender promptly and allow the small bandit to board the stage and ride triumphantly with his prisoners to the door of the hotel. The old man had long since laid aside his whip forever, but he was still one of the most respected citizens of Murphy's.

I entered the bar-room just as the old Colonel was in the midst of one of his stories of early days, which the younger men never tired of hearing. When the story was finished there was the usual lining up at the bar, where some "took sugar in theirs," whilst others "said to the barkeeper, lightly, 'Y'u kin give us our regular fusel.'" The poison having been concealed in their anatomies, the party again gathered about the table and expectantly awaited another story from the old veteran. He began in this wise:

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"D' ye know, boys, things hev changed so that life aint wuth livin' no more. Look at stage drivin', for instance. There wuz a time when we boys used ter git two hundred an' fifty cold plunks a month. Now jest look at it. The game aint wuth playin'. They begrudge a man his keep, ter say nothin' o' wages. The d—d railroads is killin' all sorts o' business, an' speshully stagin'. We jest order to git out with shotguns an' drive the railroads off'n the earth."

To my astonishment, the feeling among the party was that railroads were the invention of the devil and had ruined every mining town they had entered. Said one young man from Angels: "The Sierra railroad has got to Columbia, but you can just bet they'll never get it through Angels. We won't stand for it, and God help the first feller that tries to lay a rail anywhere near our town."

It seems that the teaming business is a very profitable one for a mining town, and this particular enterprise is usually killed by the introduction of a railroad. On subsequent inquiry I found that the consensus of opinion in the mining towns that I visited is unfavorable to railroads.

"By the way, Colonel Bill," inquired one of the party, "did you ever get held up when you wuz drivin' stage?"

Col. Bill's Experiences

"Well, I should say I did git held up. There's a feller settin' there that's held me up lots o' times. Eh, Doc?" I plead guilty, and the old man continued:

"But speakin' o' the real article, I've been held up fourteen times."

"Well," I remarked, "I should think such an experience would be likely to produce nervous prostration."

The old man grinned and replied: 'Oh, no, Doc.; it aint so bad as that. Of course, it does shake a feller up some the first few times he bumps inter road agents. But ye git kind o' used to it arter a while. I got so I didn't mind 'em any more'n so many monkeys. Road agents got ter be jest like the changes o' weather—nat'ral conditions like."

"But," exclaimed one of the younger men, eagerly, "you surely showed fight, didn't you, Colonel Bill?"

"Wall, no, not exactly; that is, not always," replied the old man. "A green feller mout show fight a time er two, but twuz a bad habit ter git inter. Ye see, the cusses most allus got the drop on a feller. They knowed we wuz a comin', an' had their little surprise party all ready. We didn't know they wuz after us until the guns wuz lookin' our way, an' then 'twas a leetle too late. Besides,

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the road agents wuz strangers to us drivers, an' t'wuz a leetle dangerous ter be familiar with strangers in them days. I had a few scraps when I fust begun drivin', an' mout have kep' on a-fightin', only I got inter one scrap that cured me."

"How was that, Colonel?" asked someone in the crowd.

"Let me see, said the old veteran, 'twas in '54, I believe, that I wuz drivin' on the Sonora and Murphy's road. I had a big lot o' gold aboard one night that wuz bein' sent down ter Frisco by Wells-Fargo. There wuz a couple of express messengers along, an' nervy boys they wuz, too. They liked ter fight same as if they wuzn't hired ter do it. We got along all right till we got a little past Columbia, an' wuz allowin' we'd make Sonora all right. All of a sudden a tough-lookin' feller steps from behind some rocks, covers me with a shotgun an' yells, 'Hands up, there!' At the same time four other fellers shows up an' covers the passengers an' messengers—an' covers 'em good an' plenty. Quicker'n a wink one on 'em shoots the nigh lead hoss, an' down he tumbled deader'n a nit. That settled my chances o' runnin' away, as I used ter do when I got the chance. Don't spose 'twould have made any difference, nohow, for them messengers opened the ball 'fore you could say Jack Roberson. Of course, I jined in.

A Triple Hold-up

The way the guns cracked and the bullets flew wuz a caution. But we druv 'em off, an' then took tally o' noses ter see who wuz hit. We fetched three of the road agents. One wuz deader'n a smelt, an' one died in less'n an hour. The other feller—well, he wuz the star actor in a necktie party that night. One messenger wuz hit so bad he never got over it—through his bellows, ye know. I got a bullet through my hat, an' a d—d good hat it wuz, too. Another shot went through the boot o' the stage, right between my legs. Which wuz what cured yer Uncle Bill o' mixin' up in other people's business."

But Colonel Bill forgot to mention that the episode above described did not permanently cure him of gun fighting in general. The records of Calaveras county show that, even if he was cured on that occasion, he suffered frequent relapses.

"Speakin' o' hold ups," continued the old Colonel, "reminds me of a circus I had once when I wuz drivin' fer the Stevens' Company, over in Reno. I had the day run from Reno to Carson, and a dandy run she wuz, too. 'Twuz one day in June, '65, if I remember c'reckly, that we started fer Carson, three stages strong.

"Jest 'fore we started, Dick Smithson, my side pardner, who wuz drivin' the stage jest behind me, calls out, 'Say, Bill, did yer count noses?

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We've got thirteen passengers to each stage! Sure enough, Dick wuz right. And I says to him, 'Three times thirteen is a good enough hand, Dick. Anyhow, we've got ter play it.'

"'A good hand, eh?' says Dick. 'D'ye know what day o' the month this is? It's the thirteenth, sure as shootin.'"

"'Well,' says I, 'don't ye care, Dick; it aint Friday, anyhow, so the cards aint all stacked agin us. An' say, Mister Dick, there's luck in odd numbers.' Which is where Dick had the laugh on me arterwards, tho' 'twuz mostly hoss an' hoss.

"There wuz more'n \$40,000 in the strong box under my seat, an' Wells-Fargo expected me ter take keer of it. There wuzn't any messengers—because the boodle wuzn't big enough an' there wuz three stages travelin' close together, I reckon. The passengers wuz mostly stag, but there wuz two or three women folks in each stage.

"Now, boys, though I didn't have no superstition in my system, I'll own up that I felt a little queer when my pardner made his little spiel about the thirteens. But, as I said afore, I bluffed it out.

"Well, everything wuz lovely an' the goose hung high till we got to a turn in the road, not a great ways from Carson, that wuz called 'Robber's Bend,' 'count o' the hold-ups that come off there

A Thorough Clean-up

so often. I wuz jest a thinkin' that if we got around the bend safe we'd land in Carson all right, sure pop, when I heard th' old familiar 'howdy do' of the road agents: 'Hands up, gentlemen!' an' there stood half a dozen fellers with black masks on, coverin' our party with rifles and shotguns. One feller got his gun a leetle too near my nose an' I could pretty nigh see the load in it. It looked like some o' them railroad tunnels. I could almost hear the train a comin'. Ugh! I aint usually narvous, but I jest had ter ask the feller t' ease off a bit. 'All right, Bill,' says he. Seein' that I wuz among friends, I watched the subsequent proceedin's with some int'rest.

"The fust thing them agents did wuz to line up all the men in a row 'long side o' the road, with their hands behind their backs an' a couple o' fellers standin' behind 'em with shotguns, watchin' 'em like hawks. One o' the others kep' me covered, while the rest o' the gang 'scorted the women folks to an old redwood log an' asked 'em, very perlite like, ter set down an' watch the show. Then they come back, blew open my strong box an' took out the gold an' spilled it inter a saddle blanket they'd spread out on the ground. Then they begun to go through the men folks, an' of all the funny sights y'u ever seen, that ragged the bush. The agents didn't leave nothin' on

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them tenderfeet. Watches, rings, di'mond studs, gold specs, greenbacks, specie, everything followed the gold that come out o' the box, inter the blanket. My, but it did make a purty pile o' stuff! You never seen nothin' like it. An' guns! Gee whillikens, boys, you'd orter seen the guns them passengers wuz packin' 'round! Shiny little poppers 'bout as long as yer finger, most on 'em wuz; the kind that shoots them little homepathicker pills that jest sorter riles ye up 'thout gitting any action on 'em. Every time one o' the agents 'd come across one o' them guns he'd 'haw haw' right out an' say, ' 'Scuse me fer takin' yer pop, mister, but I want it fer the kids ter play with. 'Sides, yer mout hurt yerself with it.' One agent said he wanted a breastpin for his wife an' he guessed that little 32 would be jest about the thing.

"The women folks wuz plumb skeered ter death at fust, but arter a while the skeer sort o' wore off an' they began ter enjoy themselves. Every time one o' the passengers would give up his roll the girls 'd all devil him mos' ter death. 'Shell out, Charlie!' says one woman to her husband. 'How about my new dress? Thought yer wuz broke, old boy!' 'Be keerful o' that pretty little gun,' says another one. 'Don't rub the shine off'n it. It belongs to my little Willie at home.

Partners in Misery

"By the time th' agents got through with their clean out, we heard tother stage comin'. The feller who wuz guardin' yer Uncle Bill, says, very politely, 'Now, William, my boy, don't make a noise an' scare yer pardner off, 'cause yer mout scare me, an' if I got narvous this old gun mout go off.' Don't ye ever think I peeped—I knew better, an' besides, I wanted Dick ter get a leetle o' the joke.

"Well, the gang laid fer Dick's stage an' gave it the same deal that we got. When the last stage came along it got the same dose. By the time th' agents got through, they had a good-sized comp'ny o' prisoners, an' th' old log full o' women looked like a sewin' circle. The gang finally divided up their plunder, straddled their hosses an' got clean away. The hull outfit wuz caught in a train robbery 'bout a year arterward an' sent over the road."

The old man gave a prodigious sigh at this juncture and said, in conclusion:

"In the days o' '49 somethin' serious would ha' happened to them fellers. But times had changed in '65, an' they've been growin' wuss ever since."

And we all sorrowed with the Colonel, and "liquidated" our sorrow.

Poor old Bill died a few months ago, at a very advanced age. His death was the passing of the most characteristic relic of the golden days of '49

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that could be found in all Calaveras. How everybody loved him, all along the road. Who was braver, hardier and more patient? Who so jolly and reckless? Who was a better friend, and who possessed of all the qualities of good-fellowship in a higher degree?

Bill was not so "devil may care" as some stage drivers I have known. He was an unerring driver, but one who never tempted fate. He never tried to show how near he could come to the edge of a cliff without going over—a fool-hardy trick that has cost many a stage-load of innocent passengers their lives. Bill used to say that if he was traveling, he would pick out the driver who could drive farthest away from the edge of the cliff and nearest the mountain without bumping into it or tipping over. He practiced as he preached, and never lost a passenger. The old man had his faults, and put away enough liquor in his day to float the Oregon, but he never drove stage when he was drunk. He would drink for "sosherbility" at any and all times, but never would he transcend the bounds of sobriety save when off duty.

Civilization and the passing of the years are slowly but surely exterminating the old-time stage driver, but I question much whether the world is better for the passing of the type of men repre-

Old Doc. Jones

sented by Bill Loveless. Brave, honest, rugged, faithful and picturesque—what more could civilization ask?



Just opposite the hotel on the main street of Murphy's, stands an old stone building that was once the office and drugstore of the town oracle, "Old Doc. Jones," as his fellow townsmen called him. The old doctor, a gruff Scotchman, had the field at Murphy's entirely to himself for many, many years. He was an ugly customer and did not encourage competition. The only competitor he ever had made a very ephemeral stay in our little community. The first case he had was his last.

An Italian fruit dealer, whom the boys had dubbed "Mac," as an abridgement of maccaroni, had been robbed several times. Becoming tired of the excitement, he fixed a spring gun in the back of his money drawer, so that anyone opening it surreptitiously would receive a double load of buckshot in his anatomy. Being called upon to make change in a hurry one morning, poor Mac. forgot the spring gun, and on opening the drawer was "hoist by his own petard." A hole was torn

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in his body which, as one of the boys said, "A cat could crawl through without bloodyin' her whiskers."

The new doctor was called, and, to the intense amusement of the crowd that had gathered around the dying man, said he had "cured lots o' cases like that one," and would "have Mac. around in a week." The bystanders knew a thing or two about gunshot wounds, and proceeded to chaff the doctor unmercifully. Just then Doc. Jones came along and pressed his way through the crowd. He took the situation in at a glance, and, realizing that the time was most propitious for downing competition, grabbed the interloping doctor by the collar and slack of his trousers, ran him to the door and kicked him into the middle of the street, a proceeding that was hilariously applauded by the citizens. He then returned and said to the Italian, "Mac., it's all up wi' ye, lad, an' ye ken any prayers, noo's the time for ye ta say 'em."

The old doctor stayed in Murphy's as long as there was enough work to warrant his remaining. He finally went to Frisco, and built up an immense practice. He never forgot his old friends in Calaveras, however, and as long as he lived his time was theirs, without money and without price. Many of the old miners used to go down to Frisco to consult him, and it was said that he would make a

My First Cheatre

millionaire take a back seat any day while he cared for his rough-and-ready patrons of former years.

It is the lot of few men to be loved as was good old Doc. Jones. Bluff as to manner, antique as to methods and by no means a courtier of fashion, he was none the less an ornament to the society in which he moved in early mining days. Beneath his veneer of rugged homeliness lay as kindly a heart as ever beat. And he got results that more modern practitioners might well envy. His drugs were unpalatable, and his knife a merciless one, but the old fellow's record was one to be proud of. Woe be to him who chanced to doubt Doc. Jones' skill in the hearing of the Murphyites. The critic usually found himself *persona non grata* with them and had to emigrate.



Many of the old buildings in Murphy's were destroyed by fire, some years since. I looked in vain for the theater of early days, where I first made the acquaintance of the swaggering, barn-storming tragedian and the wonderful end-man of the minstrels. I was on the dead-head list in those days, for my father owned and managed the theater. The theaters of my later years may be more

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pretentious, but none are so beautiful as was that rude structure. And the plays! There are no such tragedies, no such wonderful minstrels nowadays.

As I stood upon the site of the old theater I recalled one play that had more novel features than any modern play within my knowledge. 'Twas a wild, weird, border drama, full of scouts, and Indians, and captive maidens. What with burnings at the stake, scalping and tomahawking, my young blood was set a-tingling.

But some of our townspeople were not so well pleased as I was. They took exception to the histrionic methods of some of the performers, and proceeded to frankly express their disapproval. The means of expression was somewhat unique. Several raw, "gamey" livers were procured and cut in pieces suitable for target practice. When the fake Indians appeared they were received by the boys with a fusilade of chunks of the unsavory liver that not only disconcerted them, but made them lose their tempers. They were armed with bows and arrows, and were foolish enough to attempt to use these ineffective weapons.

A number of the counterfeit redmen rushed to the footlights, bow and arrow in hand, with the avowed intention of discharging their weapons at the audience! In an instant they were covered

A Shocking Change

by dozens of six-shooters! Not only were they compelled to refrain from their threatened arrow practice, but the boys insisted on the play being finished. And it was finished in due form, but the rest of the engagement of that particular troupe was forthwith canceled. Promiscuous shooting might have destroyed our theater. The scenery did not look quite right for some time. The painted trees and shrubbery were not carnivorous and could not dispose of the pieces of liver. The liver looked not unlike some queer variety of fruit or flowers. Verily, the drama at Murphy's was soul-stirring. What though it was not esthetic?



The change that the passing of the years had wrought in Murphy's was by no means inspiring to me, but the revival of old memories and associations mitigated its effects somewhat, and I had settled down to substantial enjoyment of my visit, when, as Truthful James remarks, "My feel-in's was shocked in a way that I grieve."

The male citizens were gathered, as was their custom, in the bar-room of the old hotel, swapping lies and listening to the reminiscences of several of the old guard of '49. I was in the thick of the

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story telling and enjoying myself immensely. The social features of the occasion were unexceptionable, until an altercation arose between two young fellows who were playing billiards. The score was under dispute and a wordy war developed. Neither of the contestants was distinguished by any special gift of repartee, hence the controversy was hardly worth recording until both of the disputants lost their tempers, and then there was trouble. Quoth one, "You're a d—d liar!" Whereupon his playmate blithely replied, "You're another, d—n you!" I instinctively waited for the shooting to begin, but in vain. The gentle spirits went on with their game as if giving and taking the lie was an everyday matter. The experience broke my heart completely. I had expected a change in the town, had found it and become reconciled. But this was more than I could bear. When the party had dispersed I asked for my bill, much to the surprise of my old playmate, Mitcheler, the hotel proprietor.

"Why, say, Doc," said he, "you ain't goin' away, are ye?"

"Yes, old man," I replied, "I am threatened with heart failure. There's too much excitement here for me. When the lie is passed in Murphy's, with never a gun play, it's high time for an old resident like myself to seek the lower country."

Copper Town

And my friend the host was ashamed, but made answer, "Well, say, Doc, the old town ain't what it used to be, that's a fact, but, ye know, times have changed a whole lot and things ain't just what we'd like. We're goin' to have a revival of minin', by and by, an' things'll be livelier an' more like old times. You mustn't lay up anything agin the town. We can't have a funeral every time there's a row nowadays. Why, we wouldn't have any citizens in less'n a week."

But I refused to be consoled, and the morning stage took me away from Murphy's, perhaps forever.



I had supposed there was nothing more for me to learn regarding California stage roads. I was mistaken, however. Copperopolis, Calaveras county, my next stopping place after leaving Murphy's, is only twenty-three miles from the latter town, yet stage connections were such that I was compelled to ride forty-nine weary miles to get to my destination. Verily, he who hath tackled a California stage road in the moist and gentle springtime, the same hath a tender memory.

Copperopolis is, if possible, deader than some of the old gold mining towns. Its copper mines were

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then lying idle, and, taken all in all, it had a stronger "has been" flavor than any of the mountain towns that I had visited. The town is redeemed somewhat by the valuable Royal gold mine at Pine Log, four miles away, but nothing short of a 1,500-volt shock will ever make it up.

The road from Copper to Milton, the nearest station on the Sierra Railway, lies through a very delightful country. One of the prettiest spots is Salt Spring Valley. Viewed in the early spring, the ranches in this valley present a most beautiful picture.

The road leaves the mountains abruptly, and just before Milton is reached traverses the side of a steep hill, from which one can see a perfect panorama of fertile plain and rolling land dotted with picturesque and peaceful towns, and, on the distant horizon, the coast range. On clear days the city of Stockton may be seen, dim and shadowy, many, many miles away.



Frisco again, a farewell visit to Chinatown—"You allee samee come back some time"—then all aboard for home.

How dreary the line of the Southern Pacific after the glorious Sacramento Valley is left behind

Some Famous Bipeds

and the desert land of California is reached. One can hardly believe it possible that he is still in California. The monotony is broken somewhat by a short stop-over in Los Angeles and Pasadena, and by the subsequent view of Redlands, Riverside and other towns in the midst of the dreary waste, whose very names make one's lungs feel a bit queer.

Apropos of Pasadena, I, of course, visited the ostrich farm, and was highly edified thereby. It is quite an honor to be introduced to the "first families" among the ostriches. My guide and sponsor was not only of the earth, earthy, but devoid, apparently, of all sense of humor. The introductions were in this wise:

"This is Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fitzsimmons."

"Ah," said I, "very glad to meet you, Fitzy, old boy. But what's the matter with your head, Robert? You seem to be getting bald?"

Fitzy glanced at Mrs. Fitzsimmons out of the corner of his eye, with an expression that showed only too plainly who was boss of the coop, and then reached for me with as much vigor as the distinguished gentleman after whom he was named might have done. I managed to prevent him from stepping on my solar plexus and passed on to the next coop. This proved to be the home of "Mr. and Mrs. William McKinley." The president was just

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proving the courage of his convictions as an expansionist, by trying to swallow Mrs. McKinley's foot. I noted with some solicitude that a Filipino blackbird was at the same time plucking feathers from Mr. McKinley's neck, for the purpose of building a nest for himself. I am not a politician, hence pass this incident without comment.

"This is Mr. and Mrs. Lillian Russell," quoth the guide.

"Beg pardon, but did you say, 'Mr. Lillian Russell?'"

"Yes, Mr. Lillian Russell."

"Ah," I said, "a composite, I presume, and of a truth, 'a bird.' But why don't you call him by his maiden name?"

"And what may that be, sir?"

"E Pluribus Unum."

And there was silence—a silence that was broken only when the coop of "Mr. James J. Corbett" was reached, and I murmured the usual conventionalities over his cordial foot-clasp.

Having left behind us that portion of Southern California where climate is all, we are again in the midst of a vast desert. Fauna, the jack-rabbit—the kangaroo of the prairie—the prairie dog and rattlesnake. Flora, the cactus, cacti, more cactus, more cacti and sage brush. The most pathetic sight I ever saw was a jack-rabbit racing parallel

Sociable Jacks

with the train and more than holding his own. Some of the passengers thought he was guying us—a jack-rabbit winks with his ears—but they were in error. He was merely out in search of a green leaf for breakfast, and was bound for the east. The nearest green grass was in eastern Texas. It is quite the thing for the Texas cotton-tails to ask the Arizona jacks to breakfast with them. It's a "ground-hog case," and as Mr. Jack need not be away from home for more than an hour or two, he dines out very often. My, how those "narrow-gauge mules" can run! Our engineer must have felt the jack's superiority most keenly, for something blew up on the engine and I was called to minister to sundry scalds on both engineer and fireman. Which the same it is true, and not literary license.

What a vast number of "thriving towns" may be seen upon the maps of the Southern Pacific. The road is dotted with them until it looks like a string of micrococci. To be sure, the passengers see only telegraph poles with euphonious, high-sounding town names upon them, but one must go by the maps, willy, nilly. The railroad company should know.

How beautiful the green prairies of Illinois seemed that bright June morning of my return. And why shouldn't they? One might anticipate

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picking magnolias in Hades, after a ride on the Southern Pacific. And Chicago—why, the place really seemed clean and cheerful! Which suggests that a vacation inflames the imaginative faculties.



My appendix? Oh, yes, I had forgotten. Why shouldn't this book have an appendix? To be sure, I have none, but—

It will be remembered that the trip which is responsible for this volume was taken under protest. I fled to escape the persecution of my brother surgeons, who were frantically reaching for mine appendix. Well, they were solidly organized into batallions when I arrived home. But, having already had a taste of my retreating powers, they were more diplomatic than of yore, and tried arbitration. Various committees waited upon me, day after day, and strove with me in this wise:

“Now, my dear fellow, you must be operated on at once. You are sure to have another attack, and it might kill you, you know. Besides, the honor of the profession demands it. You should have the courage of your convictions. Think of the demoralizing effect of your conservatism upon prospective patients. Why, it will be something awful! For heaven's sake, doctor, don't be obdurate!”

Which is Different

And the spokesman of each committee was wont to drop a hypothetic tear upon my presumptive grave, to encourage the phantasmagoric grass and weeping willows, I presume. And then I began my little speech in reply:

"Gentlemen of this most touching committee: It is true, as you say, that I may have another attack of appendicitis, but which of you is offering odds? Hath it come to pass that the delectable "cinch" hath permeated appendiceal surgery? If so, when, how, what, where, why and by whom? Honor of the profession, did you say? Ah, there you touch me near mine heart. I could almost listen to such argument as that. But, no, get thee behind me, Satan! I'll have none of thee, and be-shrew thine honor! Gentlemen, I mind me well my duty. Patients should be encouraged. I have had a vacation, and mine office is a dreary waste. Yet will I not encourage them by setting a painful example. Why, confound you fellows, anyhow! Do you know whose appendix you are talking about. It's mine, gentlemen, mine! Get out of here, or I'll—" And they fled incontinently. Which shows the difference between faith and works.

But my surgeon friends were not to be dissuaded. Arbitration having failed, they again tried systematic persecution. They snubbed me, they

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ignored me, they no longer called me in counsel. My life was miserable indeed, so miserable that my nervous system at last gave way under the strain and I again fled from home. I went to New York, and on my arrival telegraphed to Oom Paul a tender of my services as the "whole thing," surgical, in his army. He answered in this wise:

"Mynheer:—We have some fellows over here whose kopjes are just as much geswellen as yours, so don't make the trek. If you want a good laager, try Milwaukee. OOM PAUL."

This was awful. The very idea of a foreign potentate declining the services of an American surgeon! I'll never speak to Oom Paul again.

I knew not where to turn, and had about decided to buy a gun, go home, and annihilate the entire surgical fraternity. Before leaving, however, I called upon a friend of mine who runs a "remove your appendix while you wait" clinic. He is a very conservative man. He never removes the appendix—until he gets a patient. I felt that I could trust him, so I told him all my sorrows, and described the persecutions to which my brethren at home had subjected me. He sympathized with me so manifestly that I let him put me on his table and examine me. At the conclusion of the examination he informed me that my appendix was

Exeunt Mine Appendix

shaped like a string of frankfurters. And then, just to prove his point, my humorous friend gave me laughing gas, and ether, and chloroform and things, and pulled the old thing out.

Which is why my surgeon friends at home, who wanted to cut me alive, now cut me dead, wink at each other, and say, "I told you so." That's bad, but I can sleep o' nights now. And I can ride on the street cars without having some fellow yell from the other end of the car, "Say, old man, had it out yet?" And nobody sends me marked articles on appendicitis—not any more.

And the appendix which did not finish me, but was of this book the beginning, the same shall be of this book—

THE END.

